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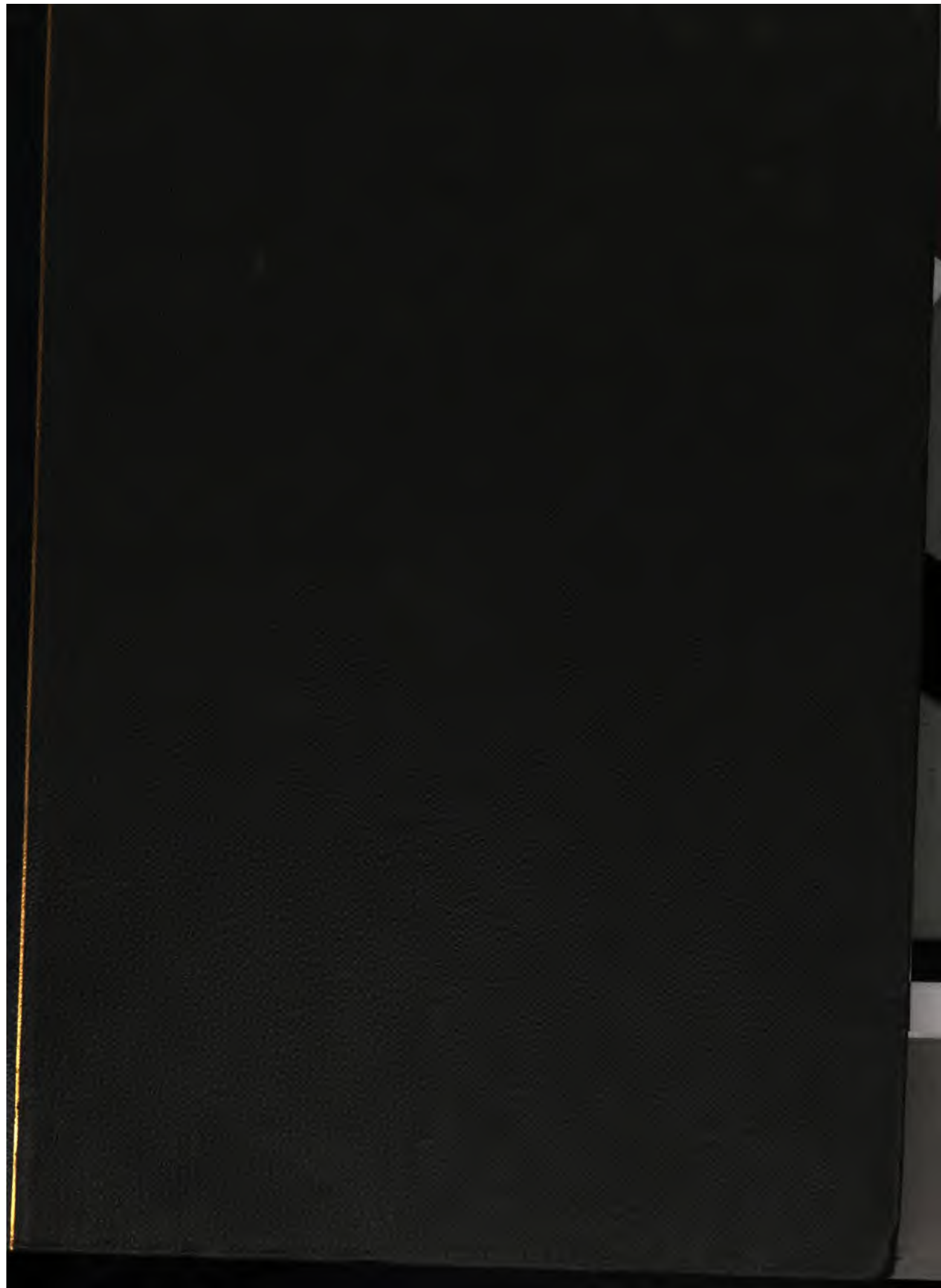
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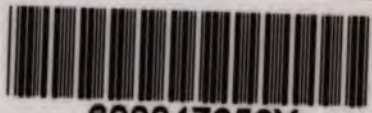
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PRINTED

OF WHICH THIS IS

NUMBER 42

Chas. Burnell PUBLISHER.

JOHN O' ARNEA.



Spar'd neither man nor mother's Sat -
Yea, claved the back o' Horner John!

Sue down and smell the cracks I gird 'em,
The heels flow o'er the ugly head o'm;

JOHN O' ARNHA'.

A TALE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE MURDERIT MYNSTRELL,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

GEORGE BEATTIE.



MONTROSE:
ALEXANDER BURNETT.

1883.



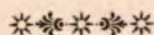
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PREFATORY NOTICE.



THE Author of the following Poems was eminent for his integrity, abilities, and conciliatory disposition ; which made him regard what was just, rather than what was scientific. As a scholar—nay, as a philosopher—his mind was stored with whatever is excellent in Literature ; and he admired whatever is grand, impressive, and interesting in Nature. He was a man both of observation and reflection ; and his remarks were listened to with that degree of attention which a superior judgment always commands. Above all, as a man—as an upright, independent, generous, and sociable man—he was honoured, esteemed, and beloved ; nor was this tribute paid to the qualities of his heart in a common or a partial degree, but warmly and generally. His satirical powers—(which, keeping a judicious aim, become an active virtue, or the defender of virtue

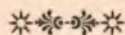
itself)—were elucidated in many instances, and thrown, with subtle keenness, against vice, folly, and corruption. In testimony of this, he has left behind him many admired specimens both in prose and verse. The milder effusions of his genius abound in sentiment and pathos, equal, at least, to many of the more lauded poetical pieces of the day; and had he prosecuted with ardour that gift with which he was favoured, he might have laid claim to a palm which a less qualified muse may now possess. His humour was unbounded, and was of such a nature that it delighted all who had the honour of his acquaintance, without hurting the feelings of any. He was a firm patriot, an universal philanthropist, and a warm friend: noble, generous, honest—modest, unassuming, feeling: he was a man who mixed with opposite parties, and was equally beloved by all. It may be thought, by those who shared not the pleasures of his society, that this outline of Mr Beattie's character and qualities is a laboured panegyric,—and we confess that, of an individual at a distance, we should have suspected so,—but to those who knew him, it will appear only an attempt to draw the contour of a picture which every one admired in its natural perfection. As individuals, we have no right to intrude with our own private feelings, in lamenting the death of this worthy and valuable member of society; but it would have been doing injustice to his memory to have said less; and we are assured that none will contradict us when we declare, that no man in Montrose or its neighbourhood was ever more generally beloved in his life, or more universally lamented in his death.

A chaste and elegant monument has been erected in the Lower Churchyard of St. Cyrus, to the memory of Mr. Beattie, by his friends and admirers. It is of the simplest order—of a square form, having corners of polished granite, with corresponding panels, and is surmounted by an urn. The north panel (which is composed of marble) bears the following Inscription :

To the Memory
of
GEORGE BEATTIE,
Writer in Montrose,
who died 29th September, 1823, in the thirty-eighth year of his age,
this Monument was erected
by the Friends
who loved him in life, and lamented him in death.
In his Disposition,
he was
Just, Charitable, and Benevolent ;
in his Principles,
Firm and Independent ;
in his Genius,
Forcible and Pathetic ;
and
in his Manners,
Plain and Social.
His Virtues are deeply engraved
in the hearts of those who knew him ; and
his Literary Productions will be admired
while Taste for Original Humour and Vigorous expression remains.
September 29, 1824.



PREFACE TO THIS EDITION.



ONE element in the life of our fathers, which did much to impart quaintness and piquancy has vanished, or is fast vanishing. We mean the "characters," the brains "of this foolish-compounded clay," who, whether they had themselves wit or not, were the fertile cause of wit in other men. The railway, the electrical telegraph, the uncongenial hurry, and "clamour and rumour of life to be," are not kindly to such, and have slowly and surely elbowed them off the scene. The type that half a century ago would have been tolerated, and have shown all kinds of originality and oddity—shedding abroad amusing "quips and cranks" and side-splitting reminiscences, to be passed gaily from mouth to mouth at many a social meeting—altogether inoffensive and kindly too—are now either not forthcoming, or are condemned to a modern mode of scientific treatment which judiciously rubs off the "corners and angles," but spoils the "character." It is not too much to say that just in proportion as the class declines in our midst, the greater value will be put on the literature that preserves the record of them. Whatever is, through changing conditions, actually lost to life in this way, literature strives to recover and em-

balm. If "characters" of the old type are now no longer to be met with amongst us, to be observed and leisurely conversed with, it is but a natural result, that the books which preserve the savour of their laugh-inspiring presence should come to be valued and receive yet more and more a hospitable and hearty reception. And if this should naturally be the case in respect even of the most commonplace and matter-of-fact chronicles, for which there is growing day by day a greater request, how much more should it be so, when invention and genius have added their "transfiguring atmosphere."

It is mainly on these grounds that the issue of this Edition of "JOHN O' ARNHA'," with faithful impressions from the Plates which appeared in the first Edition of the work, has been undertaken. The original of John o' Arnha' was one of the "characters" of Montrose in his day, and so was his friend, the Horner; and Beattie certainly showed a rare sense of humour and dramatic power in his mode of dealing with them, which certainly goes far to justify the naming of the piece along with the "Tam o' Shanter" of Robert Burns. It is valuable, not only as revealing various phases of social life in Montrose and in many other towns of Scotland at that time, but as a piece of literature; and it has thus a double claim on the appreciation of all who take an interest in the history and social condition as well as in the poetry of their country. The graphic and faithful detail here and there is not more remarkable than the grim and yet spontaneous extravaganza of the water-kelpies and their kindred; and he would be a dull man indeed—a fellow of anything but "infinite jest," who could read without being moved by the author to some sympathy with his humorous and rollicking mood.



Gentle and Courteous Reader,



THE following Tale was originally written from mere frolic. It was first published in *The Montrose Review*, and afterwards in a small Book, which, being low in price, met with ready sale. As my Pegassus, however, was somewhat restiff, and the Rider both awkward and impatient,—to save time and trouble, nearly one half of it was composed in plain prose. After this, some sketches were drawn from the scenery, and the Publisher, in his wisdom, had these engraved. I was again commissioned to render the prose into verse, for another edition, which I did, such as it is, with great alacrity. I was told, however, that the Poem behoved to be lengthened, so as the Plates might be placed at proper distances, and not come in contact with each other. With much good nature I again set to work, and dilated as far as leizure and patience would permit: to this extension Mr. Southey, and some other gentlemen, owe the honour of being introduced in the following pages. Having wrought at the instigation of another, without fee and without reward,—neither expecting praise, nor dreading censure,—I have not that tender and paternal regard for

the work, which almost every author has for the offspring of his brain. The public may treat it as they please, without in the least hurting the feelings of the Author. This will appear pretty evident, on reading the work itself. At the same time, although the Publisher has brought it forth in a style much more elegant than it could have any title or pretension to, I should not wish him to be a loser by his folly; which, however, I much dread: at all events he cannot say he has been burdened with payment of *copy right*. I now see I could have made the Poem more bulky, without being at the trouble of adding more lines to it. This could have been done by dividing it into *Cantos*. By the modern method of book-making, the termination of one Canto, and the beginning of another, generally swallow up four full pages. Six Cantos, therefore, would have made it twenty-four pages longer, without the addition of a line. Dividing into verses, or sections, and filling up the spaces with numerical letters, is another expedient for extension. The Spenserian stanza has always been considered entitled to this; but it is quite an innovation in *namby-pamby*. The introduction of episodes, in the shape of songs, sonnets, &c., preceded by blanks, and titled in Saxon letters, is for the same reason resorted to by the "Hireling Harpers" of the present day. Indeed, it is by these means that our modern Bards and Publishers fill their pockets, and gull the public.

After having finished the Tale, in some shape or other, I really was somewhat astonished on being again told by the Publisher that it was necessary to write a PREFACE; and, moreover, that he "must have it immediately," as he had advertised for publication on a certain day. I had no wish to renew my labours in the vineyard of folly; and, besides, I considered the request to be a most ridiculous one. "This is not the time," said I, "for writing a Preface: if you

had wished anything of that nature, you should have informed me at the commencement; I never saw the Preface at the end of a book, except when printed in Ireland." Printers, it appears, however, can commence at the beginning, middle, or end, of a work, as it best suits them. "That is of no consequence," said the Publisher, "I have left eight pages at the beginning for the Title and the Preface: the Title takes up two,—the remaining six are for the Preface; but if you think you cannot spin as much out of your brain, in the course of an hour or two, as stain these, I can reduce them other two pages, by adding a *bastard* Title." All this was quite unintelligible to me;—and now that I have commenced writing a





P R E F A C E,



R something else,—I really feel at a loss what to state in it,—more indeed as to quantity than *quality*. The six pages, it would appear, must be filled, and no more. I must, therefore, go on; and the Printer must stop at the end of the last page—whether a sentence may happen to be concluded or not. If it wants anything, let him fill it up with a blank page, like one of those in “Tristram Shandy.”

It will be pretty evident that, in writing this Tale, “Tam o’ Shanter” was kept in view; at the same time I know well it can no more be compared to that inimitable production than Southey’s “Carmen Triumphale” could be to “Homer’s Iliad,” or I to Hercules. It ran so much in my head, however, that I was more cramped in avoiding palpable imitation, and involuntary plagiarism, than I was benefited in any other respect, by attempting to adopt it as a model; for, no sooner did I set about brewing my storm, and setting it a blowing, than the original and expressive lines of the immortal Bard came wildering across my brain:

“The wind blew, as ’twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow’d;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow’d;
That night a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand,”

When I attempted to moralize on the fleeting nature of pleasure and glory,—how quickly these vanish, and are followed by misfortune, stripes, and disgrace,—then I was haunted by the four beautiful similies, proving the fact in such an original and striking manner :

“ But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow’r, its bloom is shed ;
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever ;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit—ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow’s lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm.”

Show me any thing that can be compared to this in your modern poems !

When the fleshless Harper came into the field, and with his wild music stirred up Witches, Warlocks, Ghosts, Devils, and Demons, to trip it “on the light fantastic toe ;” then jingled in my ears the forcible and firmly clenched lines of Burns :

“ He screw’d the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a’ did dirl,” &c.

“ . . . Hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels,” &c.

“ As Tammie glowr’d, amaz’d and curious,
 The mirth an fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel’d, they set, they cross’d, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,” &c.

Have we any thing like this now-a-days? This most original, comic, and horrific poem, I am aware, is not so much read in the

drawing-room as the modish performances of a new race of poets ; but it will tickle the risible muscles, and raise the hair on the crowns, of generations yet unborn, when these ephemeral performances will sleep as sound as their authors. The muse of *humorous poetry* seems to have been entombed with Burns*. His predecessors, Ramsay and Fergusson, were also peculiarly in the good graces of that buxom lady. We have nothing now like "Christ's Kirk on the Green †;" "The Monk and the Miller's Wife;" Fergusson's "Leith Races," "Hallow Fair;" Burns' "Tam o' Shanter," "Death and Doctor Hornbook," "Halloween," or "The Jolly Beggars,"—the last was fastidiously rejected by Dr Currie, in his edition of Burns' Poems. I by no means wish to insinuate that these are the best poems of the Bards I have just now mentioned: they are the best of their particular class—the humorous; and I speak chiefly of poems in the Scottish dialect. "The Gentle Shepherd," "The Farmer's Ingle ‡" "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and other poems of the same authors, have their peculiar merits and beauties. The incidents and descriptions in these are exquisitely natural, and truly pastoral. Burns and Fergusson, in particular, had the happy knack of leading their readers, in the very best humour, to the "wee bit ingle and clean hearth-stane," "the cosh and cantie housie," of the Scottish peasant, where the inmates are brought before us, and viewed, not through the medium of caricature, or the mist of time,

* There is one striking exception: "Anster Fair," a poem, by Mr William Tennant, would have done credit to Burns himself.

† King James the First, of Scotland, was the author of this ancient and curious poem, to which Allan Ramsay added two cantos of great merit, notwithstanding of the vemon spilt by Pinkerton on the occasion.

‡ "The Farmer's Ha'," of our townsman, the late Dr Keith, deserves to be mentioned. It is an excellent poem, and seems to be too little appreciated in this quarter.

but in a way so simple, natural, and chaste, that they are instantly recognised as real, living, generick characters. Such descriptions must be read with pleasure by every one who is not so miserable as to be refined above enjoying the beauties of nature—a disease not uncommon amongst the critics, and those who gratuitously rank themselves in the higher classes of society. The descriptions of our present poets are very different from those I have just mentioned. They usher us into the Gothic Castles and Halls of Barons bold, and to the presence of princely dames, and warriors clothed in steel. These beings may be made to speak and act as best suits the convenience of the author; for as no person living ever had the pleasure of seeing the originals, they cannot, consistently, take upon them to condemn the pictures. Anxious, at all times, to shelter myself under the wings of my betters, I have also presumed to bring forward some characters not known in common life, for which I shall plead no excuse to the gentle and courteous Reader. The Hero himself is drawn from a living original in this neighbourhood, already well known to fame. As to the second personage, the *Water Kelpie*, whose only ambition is, and has been, for centuries past, to wallow in the Ponage Pool, and take the benighted and way-worn traveller off the hands of the treacherous *Spunkie*, to plunge him in a watery grave,—good breeding, or court etiquette, could not be expected to emanate from such a quarter. As to the “grewsome” appearance of the Ghosts, poor fellows, no blame attaches to them—it was none of their doings. Let the other characters speak for themselves: there is *one* that I have no great inclination to meddle with at all—“let sleeping dogs lie.” As to the Tale itself, I shall “speak lowne,” particularly as I am not prepared to say any thing in its favour: if I had been possessed of more leizure, and endowed with more patience,

I think it might have been made better. The scenery, however,—I mean the natural scenery—not as described by me,—is certainly not inferior to the “Banks of the Doon” and “Alloway Kirk.” The lone and dreary situation of the Old Kirk of Logie,* in the vicinity of the dark and gloomy Den of St. Martin, long reported to have been the sinful haunts of “Warlocks grim and wither’d Hags;” and the Ponage Pool, on the North-esk, at a little distance, the well-known rendezvous of the *Water Kelpie*,—are objects of terror to the superstitious, and of more than ordinary interest to those who may at times take delight in amusing their minds with the traditionary legends of this part of the country.

Presuming my allotted space is not yet filled, I take an opportunity to state (although it has little connection with the called-for Preface), that I am extremely partial to the language of Caledonia. From its expressive simplicity it is peculiarly adapted to the pastoral, the natural, and pathetic; and since the year 1490, when Maister William Dunbar, the chief of ancient Scottish poets, wrote “The Twa Mariit Wemen and the Wedo,” and “The Mirrie Aventure of twa Quhyte Friers of Berick,” and uther ryghte mirrie and wittie tales,—down to the death of Burns, it has been constantly and most successfully employed in the humorous and ludicrous. That it is equally well adapted to the martial and heroic, is strikingly illustrated in “Bruce’s Address to his Army,” by Burns. Let the *petit maitre*, and the fine lady, who cannot hear a sentence pronounced in Scotch without fainting, remember that this “vulgar jargon” was once the language of heroes; and that those who yet

* I have just learned that the venerable ash trees, which skirt the Church-yard, are to be profaned by the axe of the woodman, and sold by public roup, along with the roof of the Church. I hope this is not true.

understand it, find it richer, and more expressive, than the English.

As to errors, whether of the pen or the types, let them be pointed out by others.





JOHN O' ARNHA'.

A TALE.

IT was in May, ae bonnie morn,
When dewie draps refresh'd the corn,
And tipt ilk stem wi' crystal bead,
That glissent o'er the spangelt mead,
Like gleam o' swords in fairy wars,
As thick and clear as Heaven's stars ;
While Phœbus shot his gowden rays,
Asklent the lawn—a dazzlin' blaze ;
The wind but gently kissed the trees,
To waft their balm upo' the breeze ;
The bee commenced her eident tour—
Culling sweets frae ilka flow'r ;

The whins in yellow bloom were clad,
 And ilka bush a bridal bed ;
 A' Nature smil'd serene and fair ;
 The la'rocks chantit i' the air ;
 The lammies frisket o'er the lea—
 Wi' music rang ilk bush and tree.

Now "sighs and vows," and kisses sweet—
 The sound of lightly tripping feet—
 Love's tender tale—the sweet return—
 The plaints of some still doomed to mourn ;
 The rustic jest, and merry tale,
 Came floating on the balmy gale ;
 For, smiling, on the road were seen
 Baith lads and lasses, trig and clean ;
 Linkin' blythely, pair and pair,
 To grace *Montrose's Annual Fair* !—
 Montrose, "wham ne'er a town surpasses"
 For *Growling Guild* and *ruling Asses* !*
 For pedants, with each apt specific
 To render barren brains prolific ;
 For poetasters who conspire
 To rob Apollo of his lyre,
 Although they never laid a leg
 Athort his godship's trusty naig ;

* All animosities betwixt the Magistrates and Guildry are now at an end ; however, as this was inserted in the first edition, when burgh politics were running high, it has not been thought worth while to alter it.

For preachers, writers, and physicians—
Parasites and politicians :
And all accomplished, grave and wise,
Or sae appear in their own eyes !
To wit and lair too, make pretence ;
E'en sometimes "deviate into sense !"
A path right kittle, steep, and latent,
And only to a few made patent.
So, lest it might offend the *Sentry*,
I winna seek to force an entry ;
But, leav't to bards inspir'd and holy,
And tread the open field of folly ;
For certes, as the world goes,
Nonsense in rhyme's as free's in prose ;
And are we not distinctly told
By Hudibras in days of old,
That "those who write in rhyme still make
"The one verse for the other's sake ;
"And one for sense, and one for rhyme,
"Is quite sufficient at a time."
As for your critics, ruin seize them,
I ken I canna sing to please them ;
A reason guid—I dinna try—
They're but a despicable fry,
That vend their *venom* and their *ink*,
Their *praise* and *paper*, eke for clink.

Thae judges *partial*—self-eleckit,
Why should their sentence be respeckit ;
Why should the silly squeamish fools
Think fouk will mind their measur'd rules ?
They spill not ink for fame or glory,
Nor paper blacken, *con amore* ;
'Tis Mammon aye their pens inspire,
They praise, or damn, alike for hire ;
An', chapman like, their critic treasure,
Is *bought* and *sold again* by *measure* ;
Some barrister new tane degrees
(Whase purse is lank for lack o' fees),
Or churchman just come frae the college,
Wi' scull weel cramm'd wi' classic knowledge,
Draw pen to laud some weary bard,
Or deal damnation by the *yard* :
But first they toss them up a maik,
To learn what course they ought to take :
If "tails," the critics quickly damn him,
If "heads," wi' fousome flattery cram him.
In either case they're paid their wages,
Just by the number o' their pages.

How soon are mortals led astray—
Already I am off my way ;
I've left my bonnie tale, to fesh in
A wicked scandalous digression ;

By bards of yore, who sang of Gods,
Clep'd underplots and episodes ;
But " Muse, be kind, and dinna fash us,
" To flee awa' ayont Parnassus ;"
Or fill our brains wi' lees and fiction,
Else fouk will scunner at your diction.

I sing not of an ancient Knight,
Wi' polished lance and armour bright ;
Nor, as we say, wi' book bedeckit
In " iron cap and jinglin' jacket,"
High mounted on a champion steed,
Eneugh to fley poor fouk to dead—
Or modern Dux, wi' noddin' crest,
An' starnies glancin' on his breast—
Or garter wuppit round his knee
To celebrate his chivalry ;—
Heroes fit for southern bardies !
Mine walks a-foot and wields his gardies ;
Or, at the warst, his aiken rung,
Wi' which he never yet was dung,
Unless by more than mortal foe—
By dæmons frae the shades below,
As will be seen in proper time,
Provided I can muster rhyme.

The valiant hero of my story
Now rang'd the fair in all his glory,

A winsome strapper, trim and fettle,
 Courtin' strife—to show his mettle,
 An' gain him favours wi' the fair—
 For dastard coofs they dinna care.
 Your snools in love and cowards in war,
 Frae maiden grace are banish'd far;
 An' John had stak'd his life, I ween,
 For favour frae a lassie's een.
 Stark luvè his noble heart had fir'd—
 To deeds o' pith his soul aspir'd;
 Tho' these in distant climes he'd *shown*,
 'Twas meet to *act* them in his own.

Now thrice he wav'd his hat in air;
 Thrice dar'd the bravest i' the fair;
 The *Horner* also wav'd his bonnet,
 But wish'd, belyve, he hadna done it;
 For scarcely had he counted sax,
 Before a double round o' whacks
 Were shower'd upon his banes like hail,
 Right, left, and centre, crack pell-mell—
 Sair to bide, and terrible to tell. }
 The hardest head could ne'er resist
 The fury of his pond'rous fist;
 He hit him on the ribs sic dirds,
 They rair'd and roove like rotten girds;
 His carcass too, for a' the warl',

Was like a butt or porter barrel.
 Now John gaed round him like a cooper,
 An' show'd himself a smart tub hooper ;
 Wi' mony a snell an' vengefu' paik,
 He gar'd his sides an' midriff ake ;
 Upon his head-piece neist he hammert,
 Until the *Horner* reel'd and stammart,
 He cried out "Mercy! plaque upon it!"
 Up gaed his heels—aff flew his bonnet,
 An' raise to sic a fearfu' height,
 It soon was lost to mortal sight.
 Some said, that witnessed the transaction,
 'Twas cleekit by the moon's attraction,
 Or nabbit by the fairy legions,
 To whirl them through the airy regions.

Sonnet.*

But far it gaed, or far it flew,
 The feint ane either cared or knew.
 Yet strange to tell, tho' very true,
 Again it never cross'd his brow,

* It is quite common, in modern poetry, to break off in an abrupt manner, and bring in a *song*, a *sonnet*, or *cantata*, with a super-title in Saxon letters. I have not the hardihood to go in the face of this precedent, and have, therefore, taken the opportunity of bringing forward an interesting sonnet, or epitaph, at the end of an act, and when one of the combatants is *hors de combat*, in order to give him breath and leisure to get upon his legs. This I cannot prevail on myself to consider as an episode, for it is impossible to divine how far the disappearance of the *Horner's* bonnet may, or may not, be connected with the preternatural agency in the following part of the tale. I must beg pardon of the gentle and courteous reader, for not inserting this, and other *notes* at the *end* of the book !

Nor ever kyth'd to mortal view.
 Some said they heard it cry "adieu,"
 As thro', the air, sic clear and blue,
 It skimm'd as quick as ony dow.
 An' weel I wat, to gie't its due,
 It was baith sleekit an' spleet new,
 Of as guid stuff as ever grew
 Upo' the back o' ram or ewe,
 Or ever fendit rain or dew ;
 Weel twisted out o' haimert woo—
 Weel ca'd thegither and waukit too—
 Weel dy'd and litit through and through ;
 The rim was red—the crown was blue !
 But now it's gane ? Eheu ! Eheu !!

And here maun end my dowie sonnet
 Upo' the *Horner's* guid braid bonnet ;
 Weel wordy o' mair lofty strains,
 For happin' sic a head o' brains,
 Still prone on earth the vanquish'd lay,
 View'd by the rabble with dismay ;
 Now groaning, startit frae the ground,
 And swore he'd have another round.
 No sooner was this socht than granted,
 The victor vow'd 'twas what he wanted.
 Each took his ground—the ring was form'd ;
 Wi' pain the *Horner* rav'd an' storm'd ;
 His roofless pow, and gaucy face,
 Show'd marks of ravage and disgrace ;
 Which added horrer to his mein—
 A gruguous wight he was, I ween.

The victor squar'd his manly figure,
An' gar'd his gardies whizz wi' vigour;
They rent the air in every quarter,
He said, "My lad, ye've caught a Tartar;"
Syne, wi' a most tremendous whup,
Again he turned the *Horner* up,
Till first his head and neist his feet,
In turn cam' crack against the street;
Just like a squirrel in a cage,
Or mountebank upon a stage;
Wi' heels ower head, and head ower heels,
Ower barrows, benches, stands, and creels;
The mulls and cutties flew like drift,
The vera stour raise to the lift;
The lasses, wi' amazement skirl'd,
As ower an' ower an' ower he whirl'd
Like whirlegig, or wheel a-spinnin',
The spaiks were like to lift their linen.

The fair was now in dire commotion,
Raging like the roaring ocean:
Like hail the sweeties strew'd the street.
"Come, hain your siller, pick an' eat,"
Was sounded through the busy crowd,
A signal eithly understood.

Rob M'Intosh, a Highland piper,
Wha thought the crap could ne'er be riper,

Wi' twa three gangrel ballad singers,
Began to ply their restless fingers.
"O hooly there, ma bonnie bairns,"
Quo' John, "Haud aff your theivin' irons,"
He shook their doublets and their wallets,
An' gar'd his cudgel claw their pallets ;
They threw their fangs, and flew for shelter,
Content wi' paiks, to 'scape a halter.
Now wild huzzas, baith lang an' loud,
Were yammert by the gapin' crowd :
They cried, "O had he been alive
In seventeen hundred forty-five,
When Charlie Stewart, the vile Pretender,
Made moyen to be our Faith's Defender ;
And marched his legions down our streets,
Withouten brichen, sheen, or beets,
He'd gar'd them flee like chaff and stubble,
And spar'd the English troops the trouble
O' stickin' baignets i' the throats
O' hunger-bitten Highland Scots.
He loes his King and country weel,
And sends Reformers to the Deil,
Still as he swills the foamin' porter,
He wishes each a full head shorter."

But Muse, I charge thee, hurry on,
An' let us frae the fair begone ;

A bolder theme maun swell our lay,
A dreadful night succeeds this day,
As will be seen in proper time,
Provided I can muster rhyme !

The busy day drew to a close :
As soon as John had tane his dose
O' whisky punch, and nappy ale,
Had smok'd his pipe, and told his tale,
He judg'd it far his wisest scheme
To streek his houghs and scamper hame.
He scorn'd to soak 'mang weirdless fellows
Wi' menseless bazils in an alehouse ;
Enough he deem'd as good's a feast ;
That excess made the man a beast.
The lawin' paid, an a' thing snod,
He soon was skelpin' on the road ;
Quick past the Port and Dummie's Wynd,
The fleetest soon he left behind ;
Neist by the Loch and Rotten-raw,
An' up the Loan for Arnha'—
His native spot, his peacefu' hame,
The place from whence he took his name,
Now render'd famous by his fame.

}

An' now the weary westlin' sun
Had kiss'd the tap o' Catterthun ;

His hinmost blink shone on the knowes,
The lazy mist crap in the hows ;
The wind was lown, creation still,
The plover wail'd upon the hill ;
The cottage reek rase to the sky ;
The bat in silence flicker'd by,
And moth and beetle, foes to light,
Commenced their drousy twilight flight ;
The ploughmen, now their labour o'er,
Enjoy'd the balmy gloamin' hour,
Right wazie wax'd and fou o' fun,
They whisselt down the setting sun ;
Some slyly slipt to meet their joes,
As they came tripping frae Montrose.
Ye pauky louns ! hale be your hearts,
Weel ken ye how to play your parts ;
For oft that gloamin', ere she wist,
Full mony a bonnie lass was kisst,
An' ran's as if chas'd by bogles eerie,
But soon was clasp'd by her ain dearie ;
Right blythe to find they were mista'en,
They gae their kisses back again ;
Shame fa' the saint wad ca't a crime,
Or deem't unmeet for prose or rhyme.

JOHN O' ARNHA!



Her countess past the knees were kilat.
In eldritch notes she croon'd an' kilat -

An' troth I scarce believe yere sterlat,
For von ye are an ugly Carlit."

Now gradual shades of gloamin' grey
Crap gently o'er the partin' day ;
The air was sweet—kind heav'n anew
Refresh'd the earth wi' pearly dew ;
A balmy, soothing, silent shower,
That cheer'd ilk³ herb and fainting flower,
Frae morning scowdert i' the blaze
Of Phœbus' ever darting rays.
The hum of stragglers frae the fair
Cam' floating on the peacefu' air ;
The robin chantit, frae his spray,
A requiem to departed day,
In notes sae waesome, wild, and sweet,
They gar'd a lightlied lover greet,
The blackbird whisselt deep and mellow ;
A hollow voice cried—" John Finella !" *
Now straight the hero turned him round
To see from whence the eldrich sound ;
When right a-head, an ancient dame
Kyth'd eerie through the twilight beam,
Upon a crummock staff she leant her,
Fast John cam' leeshin' up ahint her,
Her coatties past the knees were kiltit,
In eldrich notes she croon'd and liltit.

* This will be well understood by local readers ; to others it is of little signification.

The Witche's Song.

"O why sud my auld heart grow sair
 To hear the lasses crumpin' fair ;
 They'll hae their day, as I had mine ;
 Like me they'll think on auld langsyne ;
 For I've haen sweethearts o' my ain,
 An' to be dautit I was fain :
 They roos'd my glossy jet black hair,
 But now my pow's baith lyart an' bare ;
 They prais'd my alabaster skin,
 Alas ! now wrinkelt, derf, and din ;
 They said my pawky een were bonnie,
 My mow as sweet as heather honey,
 But now my een are blear'd and blin',
 My mow conceal'd 'tween nose and chin ;
 Full eighty winters thick hae spread
 Their cranreughs o'er my palsied head,
 Out ower my crummock laigh I bend,
 I'm wearin' to my journey's end ;
 I'm borne down wi' grief and care—
 The load of life I scarce can bear.
 A wither'd trunk, a leafless tree,
 Is a' that now remains of me ;
 The days are gane that I hae seen,
 Now I maun hirple hame my lane,
 Wilyart, waesome, will, and weary,
 O what cou'd mak' my auld heart cheerie !
 But wae betide them that wauken my wraith,
 I rede them beware o' trouble an' skaith ;
 For tho' I'm baith cripple an' haffins blind,
 They'll rin right fast when they leave me behind."

—“Guid ev'nin' to ye, teethless granny,”
Quo' John, “ye're creepin' unco canny ;
Ye're surely's auld's the deevil's mither—
Come, streek your houghs, we'el gang thegither,
For nane dare pass and leave auld wives,
Unless they're weary o' their lives :
Yea! how came ye, my winsome dame,
To ken Finella was my name ;
Unless, in compact wi' auld Nick,
Ye're come to play me some foul trick ;
An' troth I scarce believe ye're sterlin',
For vow ye are an ugly carlin'.”

Wi' hollow voice, and accent cramp,
She stammert out—“You bloody scamp!
Your deeds, before this time to-morrow,
Shall cost ye muckle dool an' sorrow ;
And mony sad sights shall ye see,
Before in sleep ye close an e'e ;
Your worthless carcase whilk ye brag on,
I winna leave a rotten rag on,
But strip ye straight frae head to heel,
Ye vaig! like skinnin' of an eel.
For auld's I am, I can do wonders—
If I but wag my stick it thunders,

Lightens, rains, hails, or snows,
Or ony weather you'll suppose :
A buckie I to sea can rig out,
And of an egg-shell make a frigate ;
Nay, in a thimble skim the flood,
Provided it be made of wood ;
Without a curpin, bit, or saddle,
Upon a broom-stick ride astraddle,
With which I cut the viewless wind,
An' a' thing earthly leave behind,
Wi' warlocks whirl at barley-brack :
Right round the warl', as round a stack :
Play hide and seek ahint the moon,
An' list her dowie tenant croon ;
Or mount up to the welkin's harns,
An' play bo-peep amang the starns !
Quicker than hail, by whirlwind driven,
I skim the milky way of heaven,
Or scud whare northern steamers play,
Yet tread this earth ere break of day."

Thrice wi' her toothless chafts she mumpit,
While nose and chin on ither thumpit.
Thrice she wav'd her skinny hand,
And thrice invok'd the infernal band ;
Thrice backwards round about she totter'd,
While to hersel' this leed she mutter'd :

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JOHN O' ARNHA.



*See, feally did she wing her flight,
In a twinklin' she was out o' sight.*

*His hair on end, stuck up like bristles,
Or like the boards o' burry thrives;*

THE FUGITIVE



THE FUGITIVE
HE WAS NOT A FUGITIVE
HE WAS A FUGITIVE

HE WAS NOT A FUGITIVE
HE WAS A FUGITIVE

" Frae the east—frae the wast,
Thunder roar, lightnin' blast ;
Frae the south—frae the north,
Pour wind and water forth :
Will-o-wisps ! wirrycows !
Warlocks wi' your lyart pows,
At three quarters after ten,
Hover round auld Martin's Den.
Elspet, Mauzie, ho ! ye hags,
Stride-legs o'er your broom-stick nags !
When the night grows rough and mirk,
Canter round auld Logie Kirk,
When ye hear the Kelpie howl,
Hie ye to the Ponage-pool ;
There ye'll see the Deil himsel'
Leadin' on the hounds o' Hell.
Over mountain, muir, and dale,
Ghaists and spectres, wan and pale—
Riding on the roarin' storm,
Dance in dread array before 'm ;
The shadows rise ! quick ! and quicker !!
The tempest brews ! thick ! and thicker !!
Now its time for me to bicker,
For oh ! the charm is firm and sicker."

Wi' that her joints began to swacken,
Awa' she scour'd like ony maukin ;
Ower dykes and ditches swift she frisket,
Through bogs and mires she lap an' whiskit ;
Sae featly did she wing her flight,
In a twinklin' she was out o' sight.
Wi' open mou', John stood an' gaz'd,
At once confounded and amaz'd ;

His hair on end stack up like bristles,
Or like the beard o' burry thistles ;
An' aye as on the road he stoitit,
His knees on ane anither knoitit.

Frail man, alack ! but seenil thinks,
While round him fortune's sunshine blinks,
(And having reach'd that point of fame,
Securing him "a deathless name"),
That ere ae fleeting hour gae past,
He may be streekit i' the blast ;
Or lair'd, by spunkies i' the mire,
To dree the Water-kelpie's ire ;
Hae a' his honours frae him torn,
And of his maughts, like Samson, shorn ;
The agent too, mayhap the same,
Aye, sure in gender, not in name,
Which here is deem'd by much too long
Either to be said or sung.

A sudden gloom o'erspread the air,
Ilk creature seem' oppress'd wi' fear ;
The harmless bird crap to its nest,
And beasts o' prey retired to rest :
Black murky clouds began to muster,
And Boreas to rave and bluster ;
The lightnin' twinkl'd i' the air
As yet wi' faint and feeble glare ;

At distance too, the thunder grummelt,
An' throu' the welkin growl'd and rummelt,
The wind sough'd mournfu' throu' the trees,
Unearthly sounds swell'd i' the breeze ;
Eftsoons the lightning's languid gleam
Blaz'd forth in sheets of livid flame,
And objects, shrouded deep in night,
Burst naked on the wond'ring sight ;
On Loan-way path each whalebone post
Were instant seen, and soon were lost ;
And straucht again the groanin' trees
Kyth'd fetchin' wi' the balfu' breeze ;
The thunder rair'd wi' furious thuds,
An' blatter'd throu' the low'rin' clouds,
Still clear an' clearer ilka flash,
Yet near an' nearer ilka crash ;
The lightnin', thunder, wind, and rain,
Flash'd and roar'd and dash'd amain ;
And O, how black the troubl'd air,
In absence of the lightnin's glare.
John crap alang. Toward the richt
He thoct he spied a cottage licht,
And steer'd his course in that direction,
Aneath its roof to seek protection ;
But weary fa' the faithless licht,
It quickly vanish'd frae his sight,

And left him in an eerie swither
Glampin' round, he kendna whither ;
Again the fleeting taper glanc'd,
Again towards it John advanc'd ;
It flar'd and flicker'd i' the wind,
Sometimes before, sometimes behind ;
From richt to left—from left to richt,
It scatter'd a bewildrin' licht,
An' in a wink the glimm'rin' ray
Flash'd on his sicht, then died away ;
Aye Willy-an-the-Wisp was there
Shedding forth his nichtly glare,
An' rousin' keen his fatal fire,
To wyle him to the weary mire.

John row'd ower dykes, and lair'd in ditches,
Mutterin' malisons on witches.
Neist ower the plain, and down a hill,
He heard the clackin' of a mill ;
Again the spunkies wav'rin' licht
Discovert to his wildert sicht
In boiling wraith, the North-esk stream
Thuddin' onward, white wi' feam,
He heard a voice, wi' muckle dool,
Croonin' in the Ponage Pool,
And this it said, or seem'd to say—
“Ah, willawins ! alack for aye,

JOHN O' ARNHA.



A stalwart monster, huge in size,
Dart straight free out the river race,
His legs were horn, his joints o' steel,
His body like the crocodile.

Now John has painful silence broke,
And thus in daring accent spoke:
"Stand off, you fiend, and dread my wrath,
Or soon I'll teach your eyes to death."

O sair's my back, an' sair my banes
 Leadin' the Laird o' Marphie's stanes ;
 The Laird o' Marphie canna thrive
 As lang's the Kelpie is alive*."
 The thunder growl'd in lower tone,
 As if to let the voice get on.

“God help ye! be ye freend or fae,”
 Quo' John, “its wrang to use ye sae ;
 To me your griefs ye needna tell,
 For waes my heart, I'm waur mysel ;”
 When, by the lightnin's glare, he saw
 A sight surpassing nature's law—
 A stalwart monster, huge in size,
 Did straucht frae out the river rise,
 Behind, a dragon's tail he wore,
 Twa bullock's horns stack out before ;
 His legs were horn wi' joints o' steel,
 His body like the crocodile.
 On smellin' John, he gie'd a scoil,
 Then plung'd and gar'd the water boil ;

* It is a well authenticated fact that, upon one occasion when the Kelpie appeared in the shape of a horse, he was laid hold of, and had a bridle or halter of a particular description fastened into his head. He was kept in thralldom for a considerable time, and drove the greater part of the stones for building the house of Morphie. Some sage person, acquainted with the particular disposition of the animal, or fiend, or whatever he may be called, gave orders that at no time should the halter be removed, otherwise he would never more be seen. A maid servant, however, happening to go into the stable, from humanity took out the halter, and laid some meat before the Kelpie, with the other horses, when he immediately went through the back wall of the stable, laughing and repeating—“Sair back, &c., &c.” No mark whatever was left in the wall. He has since taken up his abode chiefly in the Ponage Pool.

Anon he stood upon the shore,
And did for vengeance loudly roar.

Now John his painfu' silence broke,
And thus in daring accent spoke ;
"Stand aff, ye fiend, and dread my wraith,
Or soon I'll steek your een in death :
Not you nor a' the hounds o' hell
Can my undaunted courage quell."
When waving straight his club on high,
That whisselt as it cut the sky—
"See ye, Sir, that gnarell'd aik,
Wi' which if I but gie ae straik
Athort the shanks or ower the head,
I'd dye the North-esk river red,
And make at once the azure flood ;
One purple stream of Kelpie's blood ;
To show how easily I'll drub ye,
See, there I've flung away my club, ye,
For wi' my ain twa neives I'll smack ye
Tho' a' the deils in hell should back ye ;
Sae, therefore, if you wish to thrive,
Be stepping !—show your havins !—dive !!
"Yelta billie," quo' the Kelpie,
"I carena for your threats—God help ye !
Gae bluster somewhere else, for here
Ye maunna think to domineer ;


JOHN O' ARNHA.



*I've been thro' Holland, Spain, and France,
An' at Vienna learn'd to dance;*

If I but grip you by the collar,
I'll gar you gape, and glower, and gollar,
An' thratch an' thraw for want of breath—
Ae squeeze o' that wad be your death ;"
When, shakin' fierce his horny paw,
He gae a wild and loud gaffa :
Raised sic a rutherair and clatter,
The red brae tummelt i' the water ;
The brig across the Northesk river
Did echo back the sound and shiver.
Had Mary Brig been then, I reckon,
That brig had frae its centre shaken.

"It is but richt your wraith to settle,"
Quo' John, "that you should know my mettle.
I'm weel ken'd here an' far awa—
My name is John o' Arnha' !
I slew three hunder Dublin bouchers,
For whilk I'm fit to show you vouchers ;
I gar'd the pows flee aff their bodies,
Like nippin' heads frae carl doddies.
I've been through Hollan', Spain, and France,
And at Vienna learn'd to dance ;
I tript it neat in silks an' satin,
An' to the damsels jabbert Latin ;
This lingo here but few can speak it
Better than a pig could squeak it ;



But gin ye only understand it,
 Ye'll hear how nicely I mowband it ;
Rummilforgan bardinarus
Hoo nig fig gnippiti gnarus
Drumhargelbargum skipperatis——"
 The Kelpie scronnocht "*Punctum satis !*
 Your crack-jaw words of half an ell,
 That rumble like a witch's spell,
 Are nae the leed of ony tongue,
 That ever in a head was hung,
 Sin lingo was confused at Babel ;
 They mind me of a Turkey's gabble."

Quo' John, "They're Latin, but by jingo,
 Ye'se get the rest in haimert lingo ;
 Sic' themes were never made to suit
 Your dozen'd lugs, ye duxy brute :
 An' you that aye 'mang water buller,
 How can you be a classic scholar !
 In Africa I've preached to pagans,
 At Coromandel danc'd wi' dragons ;
 On India's plains I've ruled mullatoes ;
 At Etna's flames, I've roas'n 'tatoes ;
 I've seen it spew its liquid lava
 Ower a' Jerusalem and Java,
 And rain, in hellish showers, its danders
 On Holland, Poland, France, and Flanders ;

I in its wame heard Vulcan ruddy
Upon his triple tempert studdy—
A limpin' spaviet bruikit wicht,
Wi' oily hide—a perfect fricht;
He swat and yarkit wi' his hammer,
The sparks flew frae his steel like glamour;
Twa black, outlandish gruesome fellows,
Were puffin' at his smiddy bellows;
Upo' the richt a mighty stove
For forgin' thunderbolts to Jove—
This nicht they're whizzin' through the sky,
Sae better to you mind your eye.”
Said Kelpie, “That I'll take my chance on,
But faith, I sadly dread ye're scancin';
I mark him for a smeerless dolt,
Wha'd jouk t' eschew a thunderbolt;
Let rain descend and tempests roar,
I'll meet you on this dreary shore;
Though lightning blaze and thunder rattle,
I'm here prepared to give you battle;
I charge you braggart to prepare
For deeds of might—not words of air.”

“I ne'er,” quo' John, “like some, grow vain,
Or fecht my battles o'er again;
I only dinna wish to cheat ye,
To raise your wrath and syne defeat ye;

It's meet, before the battle rage,
You ken the foe ye've to engage.
I scorn a' leears and their lees ;
I've been on islands made o' cheese :
Cross'd lakes o' bladdo milk and whay,
As braid and deep as Forth and Tay.
Frae Catterthun to Copenhagen
I rade upon a fiery dragon.
(Right through the air like *Sancha Pancha*,
And brave *Don Quixote de la Mancha*),
Ten mile o' tail hung at his rump,
Compar'd to some 'twas but a stump.
Upon the sedgy banks of Nile
I've tiltit wi' the crocodile ;
Wi' unicorns and alligators,
Fell tygers, elephants, and satyrs.
Like Hercules, the wale o' men,
I've dar'd the lion in his den :
When vengeance throu' my peepers glowr'd,
The stately monarch fawn'd and cower'd,
An' creepin', lickit at my feet,
Like ony collie on the street.
Upo' the coast of Labrador
I've heard five hunder kelpies roar—
Five thousand faith !—the deil ane fewer,
And each ten times as big as you are ;

I offer'd battle to them a'—
The cowards youl'd and ran awa'."
(The kelpie "grinn'd an eldric laugh ;"
An' rubb'd his hooves upo' the haugh) ;
Quo' John, "ye needna scrape and nicker,
I'm neither fey nor waur o' licker ;
I tell the truth—and hark ye sirrah,
I slew upon *Del Feuga Terra*,
A Giant,* in height twal ell some inches,
An' sax between the oxter kinches ;
Lang fresh he lay preserv'd 'mang snaw,
And frosty winds that there aye blaw ;
But vultures pick'd his big banes bare,
And lined their nests wi's blood-stain'd hair ;
Compar'd to him ye're but a dwarf,
The wind o's neives had gar'd you swarf—
This very day too, i' the market,
Five hunder sturdy hides I yarkit ;
Between the shore and Kittlenakit,
There's few but I baith pran'd and paikit,
Spar'd neither man nor mither's son—
Yea, claw'd the back o' *Horner John* !

* This was an enormous Patagonian, that spread terror over the whole continent of South America. About five hundred Patagonians, armed *cap-a-pie*, waged war against him ; and, after skirmishing for many years, he was at last routed, and in his flight leaped (or, according to some, swam) across the straits of *Magellan* to *Terra del Fuego*, upon which John was thrown five miles at one bound, from a vessel doubling Cape-Horn, in a tremendous storm, where he and the giant came in contact, and after three hundred and fifty-five onsets, John gave his flesh to the fowls of the air, who were hovering round, waiting the issue of the contest.

Sae clean and snell the cracks I gaed 'm,
 The heels flew ower the ugly head o'm ;
 And tho' ye be the water-kelpie,
 I'll wad my whittle I sall skelp ye."

When castin's coat, he spat in's looves,
 And bade the Kelpie use his hooves ;
 In dour conflict the parties clos'd,
 Head to head—hands to hooves oppos'd ;
 Teugh was the tulzie, and for lang
 Success in equal balance hang.

The Kelpie tried wi' John to grapple,
 But Arn caught him by the thrapple,
 And gar'd his carcass sweep the stanners,
 Whilk made a noise like corn fanners ;
 He puff'd an' blew like ony whale—
 He scourged the water wi' his tail,
 An' thrush on John as wi' a flail.

}

John pran'd him down among the mud,
 And bade him lash his ain heart's blood,
 That ran in torrents frae his side,
 And chang'd the colour o' the tide.

The fiend, forjeskit, tried to 'scape,
 Throu' frequent changin' o' his shape ;
 In various forms he did appear,
 Sometimes a horse, sometimes a deer—
 A wren—a hawk—a goose—a fox—
 A tender lamb, or pondrous ox—

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JOHN O' ARNHA.



The Sloop tried we John to grapple,
But she daught her by the thrapple,
And got of her carcass sweep the shanters,
Which made a noise like corn flouters;

Towards the west wind Logan bark
Three loud gleams whist the milk;
The boards o' coffin, for the flume
Was hoist by the warden clark;

A ravenous wolf—a tim'rous hare—
A savage lion, or growling bear ;
Then straight began to dive and frisk
Throu' and throu' the troubled Esk ;
Row heels—o'er-head upo' the banks,
Wi' mony sic unseemly pranks,
An' nicker, bark, squeak, grunt, and gabble,
As he'd taen out's degrees at Babel :
But a' his airts could not avail him,
In every shape did John assail him ;
And to ilk bellow, roust, and roar,
He lustily cried out, encore !
Till echo, for ten miles around,
Did to the horrid scoil resound.

Now terror siez'd the Kelpie's soul,
An' for assistance he did yowl !
At's call anon haill legions drive
Like swarms o' bees frae out a hive ;
Like midgies after summer shower,
(Frail tenants of a fleeting hour) ;
Or like the locusts sent on Pharaoh,
Enough the stoutest heart to harrow.
A thousand phantoms skimm'd the breeze,
“As thick as mites in rotten cheese ;”
Not harmless spirits, boding luck,
Like Robin, Mustard-seed, or Puck ;

Or Brownies, aye discreet and civil;
But a' intent on working evil.

In wild array, the warlock men
Held orgies in Saint Martin's Den;
Deep i' the glack, and round the well—*
Their mystic rites I canna tell;
None form'd of flesh, e'er dar'd to scan
The secrets of their dark divan.

Towards the west, auld Logie Kirk
Threw livid gleams athort the mirk;
The boards o' coffins fed the flames
(New houkit by the weirden dames),
Whilk, dipt in sulphur gae them licht
To hatch their spells by magic's sleicht;
They blaz'd and crackelt i' the blast,
And round a ghastly glimmering cast;
The last remains of human clay,
That in the grave's dark chambers lay,
Were turn'd up to the pale blue licht;
The smell was loathsome—dire the sicht;
The skulls, and banes, and boards in cairns,
Lay scatter'd round amo' the ferns,
The hags, wi' mony a "horrid stave,"
Gaed whiskin' round ilk herriet grave.

* The spring, which is in the centre of this romantic Den, throws out an astonishing quantity of water.

The corbies scraight—the owlets scream'd,
 A gusty cawdron boil'd and feam'd,
 In which the beldames, eident, threw
 Ingredients hideous to the view ;
 An' ay's they steer'd them wi' a theevil,
 They mummelt "crowdy for the deevil."
 And for a theevil they did use
 A sturdy stump o' knotty spruce.
 Wi' whilk a son came crash, O vow,
 Outower his father's bare auld pow !
 An' still the faithfu' bark retains,
 The sacrilegious sinfu' stains,
 Of lappert blood and human brains.

}

The thunder roar'd—the sweepin' blast,
 Their reekit riven rags, blew past,
 An' show'd their parchment thro' the glim,
 Reistit, squalid, swarth, and grim ;
 The skin hang down in shrivell'd flaps,
 Like spleuchans o'er their toothless chaps ;
 Throu' skinny lips their blasted breath
 Mix'd wi' the wind and smelt of death.

A waesum, wild, wanliesum sicht,
 Enough to quench the fires of nicht,
 And blanch the lightning's livid licht.
 Nae " winsome wench " was there, I ween,
 Like *Cutty Sark*, to cheer the scene,

}

But blackest horror reign'd profound,
And threw its veil o'er all around.

Wi' breathless terror, and with awe,
John spied what cow'd him warst ava';
The dame wha ga'e him sic a fricht,
An' frae the Loan-head took her flicht;
The hag that vow'd to work his ruin,
And set the hurricane a brewin':
"Elspet, Mauzie, fatal sisters,
Of the thread o' life the twisters"—
She cried "come quickly, let us brew
Frae hemlock, hellebore, and yew:
And by the cauldron's paley leam
We'll do the deed without a name;
Let each fling in her darge of death,
To 'nick the thread and choke the breath.'
But are ye sure he hasna pass't."

ELSPET.

I smell the braggart i' the blast.

MAUZIE.

Then, sisters, here's a bishop's gizzard—

ELSPET.

The tongue of Michael Scott the wizard.

GRIZZEL.

Three yauldrin's eggs, wi' devil's blood;
Five draps in each, ere since the flood.

MAUZIE.

Three brander't bats, weel stew'd and slic'd,
Wi' stour o' dead men's een weel spic'd.

ELSPET.

Twa howlet's een—a corbie's maw ;—
The gullet of a hoodie craw.

MAUZIE.

Scum the cauldron—feed the fuel—
Come, steer about the smervy gruel.

ELSPET.

The liver of an unspean'd kitten—

MAUZIE.

The thumb o' Faustus' doddy mitten.

GRIZZEL.

The kaim and bells of cock that crew
Ere morning night's black curtain drew.

ELSPET.

The dying drops by Voltaire sweaten.

GRIZZEL.

The gagger lip o' Card'nal Beaton.

MAUZIE.

From wand of Sidrophel a sprig—
Three curls of Justice Jeffries' wig—
Wi' nine draps of his black heart's gore,
Extracted frae the very core.

GRIZZEL.

Weel done, Mauzie, that's a spell
Wad conjure a' the deils in hell ;
Pour the heart's blood, drop and drop ;
See how it flares upo' the top !
Three an' three, an' three, make nine,—
Steer about the hellish brine."

They scum'd the cauldron, fed the fuel—
They steer'd and pree'd the smervy gruel.
The mair they steer'd, the mair they pree'd,
The mair increas'd their hellish speed.
They flang and lap, an' lap and flang—
Fleyt and yammert, grat and sang—
Flew ower and ower the dreary biggin',
An' raid stride-legs upo' the riggin'.
O mercy ! what a shamefu' sicht—
The bats and howlets scream'd wi' fricht ;
Wi' mony wild, unearthly cry
They skirr'd alang the blazin' sky.

Wicked hags, abhorr'd and shameless,
Your ither pranks shall here be nameless ;
For vow ! your cantrips to hae seen
Had petrified a priest to stane ;
An' flesh wad creep to hear it utter'd,
The sinfu' jargon that ye mutter'd.

Ay, legs wad totter—knees wad bend—
Blood leave the cheek—hair stand on end—
Cauld sweat distil—the bleach'd lip quiver ;
The haill machine wad shake and shiver ;
Een wildly stare, and stout hearts fail,
To hear sae strange sae wild a tale.

The vagrant dead, a gloomy host,
Now march'd frae Pluto's "dreary coast,"
And onward scour'd, in waefu' train—
The shades of those wham John had slain.
Three hundred fleeting forms, and more,
A' grim in death and soil'd wi' gore ;
Goblins whinnert thro' the air
Wi' chowlin' chafts and burnin' hair ;
Gruesome fiends, black, gruff, and grim,
Weel charg'd wi' brunstane to the brim ;
Dæmons, dragons, spectres dire,
Spewin' reek, an' riftin' fire ;
An' grisly ghaists, and "devils damn'd,"
Wi' liquid fire and sulphur cramm'd,
Flew to the spot, and full in view
Danc'd round poor John th' infernal crew.
New murder'd corses skimm'd the heath,
Wat wi' the cauld dew-draps o' death ;
They glided past like snaw or sleet,
There faces pale's their win'in' sheet ;

Some glowr'd and thratch'd, in deadly thraws,
Wi' death-fix'd een and open jaws ;
Syne glampit at the vacant air,
An' vanish'd wi' the lightning's glare.

Now grimly kyth'd amang the crew
"The master-fiend that Milton drew."

He dought appear in ony shape,
Down frae a Titan to an ape,
Or, as his whimsies might prevail,
Up frae an emmet to a whale ;
Or less, or bigger far than either ;
Or in nae shape ava thegither ;
That night, albeit, wi' solemn air,
He filled the Judge's sacred chair ;
To mete out *justice* to his *lieges*,
His *gravity* was most prodigious ;
Wi' specks on nose, and three-tail'd wig,
The wary fiend loom'd bluff and big ;
Dark lurid clouds around him hung,
And vengeance hurtl'd on his tongue ;
His wig, wi' sulphur powder'd well,
In ringlets o'er his shoulders fell,
Upon a robe of sable hue,
Made frae the stuff that never grew—
That ne'er was spun by mortal hand,—
The produce of another land !

The forkit lightning form'd his *chair* !
His *bench*, a murky cloud of air,
Condens'd in form, it stood before 'm :
Chief justice of th' infernal *Quorum*.
Swith wi' ae glance the motley crew
Were rang'd within his eagle view.

Alack-a-day ! waesucks for John !
His mergh an' mettle now are gone ;
Courage, vigour, might, and glory,
Are fleeting all, and transitory ;
Naething steady here is found—
The very earth itsel' flees round,
Just like a tap, or whirliegiggin',
That fouk can scarcely keep its riggin',
But are in danger, O Gude guide us !
Of being toss'd on *Georgium Sidus* !
Forc'd to a comet's tail to cling,
Or whirl round on Saturn's ring.

Nae man can be a man for ever,
The hour is come and John maun shiver,
And shake like willow wi' the wind,
Or Quaker after having sinn'd ;
For wha cou'd fecht wi' forms o' air,
Or ware their flesh on banes sae bare ?
An' weel kend he, it was nae joke
To tig wi' fiends that vomit smoke ;

Or yet wi' wirrycows to mingle,
That brunstane belsh, or bock up ingle.

He stood aghast, in waefu' case,
Wi' duntin' heart and ruefu' face ;
Tho' still he strove his fears to hide,
He thocht upon his ain fire-side ;
How neighbour *Tam*, secure frae harms,
Lay sound asleep in *Elsa's* arms,
While he was daidlet like a wonder,
Drench'd wi' rain, and deav'd wi' thunder ;
And piercing wind, and lightning's sheen,
Were like to blind his lookin' een ;
In danger, too, at ilka breath,
Of being " claid in his last claith ;"
For sic a crew wad thocht nae sin
To " birze his saul ayont the skin ;"
Or lang before the night was done,
To douk him deep in *Acheron*.

Ahon ! for man's uncertain state !
What waes on life's grim journey wait !
What dangers are we doom'd to brave
" Between the cradle and the grave !"

The chieftain now, wi' yell and whoop,
To order call'd his grisly troop ;
" Thrice he yowl'd throu' lungs o' leather,"
To bring the ghastly bands thegither.

This done—for music* loud he roar'd ;"
A sullen voice growl'd—" Yes, my Lord ;"
And in a wink before him stood
A figure neither flesh nor blood.
At first the mirk obscur'd its form ;
It hover'd dimly through the storm,
And whisper't John, " Know, to your cost,
I am the Patagonian's ghost,
Whom you in *Terra Fuego* slew,
Musician to this hellish crew.
If I had only play'd my spring,
I'll gar your ribs, you rascal, ring,
As ye did mine upon Cape Horn :
Ye'se never see the light of morn."

When lo ! a flash o' livid light
Unveil'd him quickly to the sight.
He tower'd aloft, just like a steeple ;
Or say, like Saul aboon the people ;
His een were dismal, hollow sockets,
" As empty as a poet's pockets ;"
I mean a poet in days of yore,
For now they've gowd an' gear galore ;

* It may appear to some passing strange that a judge, entering on the discharge of his sacred functions, should conduct himself in a manner, apparently, so unbecoming that awful and important character. This I cannot answer. My province is to state facts. The inhabitants of every country, however, have their own peculiar manners, customs, prejudices, and predilections. The opening a tribunal of justice with music, therefore, is neither so indecorous, or incompatible, as at first may be imagined : it must have the effect of soothing the obstinate and vindictive spirit of the litigants, and bringing them to a proper tone for discussing their differences with meekness and moderation.

But muses vile, their lays inspire,
 When Pegasus is rode for hire !
 Howe'er so sweet they spring from art,
 Gowd fires the head, but chills the heart.
 Sae fares it, *Wattie Scott*, wi' you,
 Ye "piper to the bold Buccleugh,"
 Ye "Screw your pipes, an' gar them skirl,"
 Till siller frae our pouches birl.
 Ye write baith in an' out o' season,
 Three verse for *rhyme* to one for *reason* ;
 It's true your lines rin smooth an' clink weel ;
 But oh ! you like the bookman's chink weel !
 As soon's ye clench each flowing line,
 Twa gowden guineas* clink and shine :
 They charm your *ear*, they charm your *eye*,
 "With all a poet's ecstasy."

* It is confidently reported that Mr. Scott has sold copyright for Two Guineas per line. John Milton sold *Paradise Lost*, consisting of 10,575 lines, for £15, being at the rate of about a *plack*, or third of a penny sterling, per line ; so that by the standard of the present day, *one* line of *namby pamby* is worth 1480 lines of *Milton's Paradise Lost* ! In other words, that *seven lines* of Mr. Scott's poetry is worth the whole of that poem. Ergo, Mr. Scott is 1480 times a better poet than Milton was ; and that old blind gentleman, when in life, had 1480 times less influence at the court of Apollo and the Muses than Mr. Scott now has.—"*O tempora, O mores.*" I wonder what Addison, Pope, and Johnson would have said to this. Change of times or taste can do nothing towards reconciling such a prodigious and overwhelming difference. I am aware that I am the insignificant *Daw* in the fable, pecking at the feathers of the *Bird of Paradise* ; but we have a proverb that says, "a two-penny cat may laugh at the king." It is universally admitted that Mr. Scott is a great poet ; and that, in general, he is completely exempted from the vanity, envy, and egotism of the lake vermin : so much the more pity that *he* should have forgotten the much lamented Sir John Moore, who fell for his country, at the scene of a poem in which the bard has been most lavish of his panegyrics. He could not have forgotten ! It must have proceeded from some cause less justifiable than a slip of the memory. He may have pleased some of his political and party-friends and patrons at the time ; but although he should sing away his soul in song, he never can atone to the world for his most inhuman, and unpoetical insensibility, to the fate, and the fame, of his illustrious countryman.

Heavenly music, heavenly fire,
 Eneugh auld *Plutus* to inspire,
 Or gar the Deevil streek his lyre;
 E'en poesy draw from Turks and Jews,
 For gowd may sometimes fee a Muse.

}

O shame upon your venal lyre,
 It heats my vera blood to fire,
 To hear your fulsome partial praise
 Peal'd through "Don Rod'rick's" lofty lays!
 There *living* heroes ride sublime
 Upon the surge of flowing rhyme;
 But weary fa' your tunefu' tongue,
 The *dead* lie silent and unsung;
 Wi' foreign mools deep cover'd o'er
 Upon Corunna's dreary shore.

Belike they mauna grace thy page
 That canna yield thee patronage.

I grudge not WELLINGTON his fame;
 I grudge not BERESFORD a name;
 Or "glory to the gallant GRÆME!"
 But should not every honour due
 Be paid the dead and living too?
 By Heaven! I swear ye're sair to blame?
 That MOORE should "rest without his fame."
 How could you, Scott, forget the grave
 Where sleep the ashes of the brave?

}

But yet, Sir, glory's wreath shall bloom
 Around his hallow'd, silent tomb ;
 And streaming eyes shall view the spot,
 When " Rod'rick's Vision " is forgot.

You seek the court, and flee the lawn !
 To wealth you cringe—on power you fawn !
 Pour incense at the courtier's shrine :
 Wi' you, the Great are aye Divine !
 You dinna " sing to village churls,
 But to high dames and mighty earls."*
 Then sing, Sir, to the rich—the great—
 The proper gudgeons for your bait :
 Help Southey wi' his *Birth-day Odes* !
 Make princes angels, victors Gods ;
 And as you greet the royal ears,
 Forget not, oh ! to " rend the spheres !"
 And give them honour, grace, and glory,
 As I do in this humble story.

For *you* to fawn sae, 'tis a shame !
 Indeed poor Southey's nae to blame ;
 For wha could Laureate be appointit
 That wadna laud the Lord's anointit—
 His ministers and a' their measures,
 The pomp of princes and their pleasures ;

* So he says.

That wadna gloss ilk public greivance,
 And screen the hirelings of St. Stephen's ;
 Nay, laud a *spy* or ruthless *jailor*—
 But wae betide thee, "*Watty Tyler !*"
 Thou'st laid the Laureate on his back,
 An' gard him shiver for his *sack* :
 It's true, dear Bays, and well you know it,
 Yet still you are a pretty poet ;
 I therefore pray thee to excuse
 The havins of a hamely muse :
 She ne'er was taught finesse or fawning,
 Like *Castlereagh* and *Mister Canning*.

It's easy for the "best of kings"
 To deal about his straps and strings,
 And ony courtly cringing wight
 To dub a Marquis or a Knight ;
 Or to create, by the same rule,
 A Renegade his *poet* and *fool* !
 A sordid elf, to pipe for pay ;
 In politics the *Priest of Bray* !*

* As the Laureate Crown is worn for life, it is absolutely necessary that the wearer should, in principle, be a renegade, and in politics a "Vicar of Bray." The choice of the Bard who presently fills the office was, on that score, therefore, highly judicious ; for should a whig monarch ascend the throne, or should his royal highness the Prince Regent be induced to change his ministers, this lyric thunderer will be most ready *again* to change his politics—to dismiss his old, and invoke a new, Muse. The "Second Lay of the Laureate" will then issue from the press, proclaiming, in "numbers sweet," how the author, (when balmy sleep had sealed his eyes, and steeped them in the bland and opiate dews of oblivion, at a moment when his sacred and holy temples, instead of laurel were crowned with poppies), had been visited in a dream by the Editor of *The Courier* (a renegade like himself, and, if possible, a greater fool), and the Editor of *The Quarterly Review*, in the semblance of *angels of light*, when

But can he mak' an HONEST MAN?—

Ah! sorrow fa' me if he can!

in fact they were *fiends of darkness*. That these arch-imposters, with the music of Heaven on their tongues, and Hell in their hearts, prevailed on him to abandon every honest and virtuous principle, and, *Faustus-like*, to sell his soul to Satan, who, for a time, had exercised dominion over it, but that his body had nathless retained its former shape and hue on *Terra Firma*. That soon after his teeming brain had been delivered of that divine and far-famed poem, "*Wat Tyler*," he had only spoken, written, and sung by the inspiration of the *Evil One*, who was a red-hot *Tory*! and, therefore, that he could not, in justice, be held accountable for the doctrines promulgated through such diabolical agency. In fine, that he had been in a state of infernal enchantment. That the direful spell broke with a crash that "rent the spheres," the very instant the *Whigs* came into power. And oh! how that moment would be blessed and hailed by the Laureate, as a new era in his life. Oh! astonishing! lamentably astonishing! that he should have so long wallowed in error, and gropped in darkness. But now, would he sing; as the ever blessed light of Heaven shone upon him with such a dazzling and glorious refulgence, irradiating and shedding a ray of glory around his honoured head, and tinging the green bays with streaks of burnished gold, like the leaves in autumn,—it behoved him instantly, not only to retract, but to make ample and suitable atonement for his former errors, preparatory to obtaining remission of his political sins, and absolution for his shameless apostacy. His first performances would be "*The Carmen Triumphale of the Whigs, the friends of liberty and of mankind, over the recreant Tories, the enemies of freedom and tyrants of the world.*" "*The Ressurrection of the Habeas Corpus, the palladium of British liberty, the birth-right of every Englishman, and the best security of the British constitution*"—an Ode. "*The Liberty of the Press, the safeguard of the state*"—an Ode. Then a laboured and flowery *panegyric* on William Smith, Esq., M.P. for Norwich; and a most virulent satire on the virtuous Lord Castlereagh, wherein the truly dignified, consistent, and clean-fingered Mr Canning, whom some, in their ire, term "The King of Jobbers," and "The Arch-apostate," will be made honourable mention of, accompanied by a right witty parody on "The Pilot that Weather'd the Storm:" in which the bard will raise such a well-brewed tempest of foam and froth, for the purpose of wrecking the pilot, that he will run the risk of being wrecked himself with a hurricane of his own raising. He will next beg "ample room, and verge enough," in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, to write down the *London Quarterly*; and, in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, to send to perdition that infernal pander of ministers, and their minions, the *London Courier*.

The appearance of these exquisite performances will be duly advertised, with a solemn and prophetic warning to all his majesty's liege subjects to make out their last wills, and prepare absolutely to die and perish, from sheer admiration of his powers, assuring them, on his "minstrel faith," that he receives no *pension* from government, and that those he intends to charm, with ecstasy, out of existence ought not to forget him in their last bequests. Whether he has, or has not, a *pension*, I neither know nor care; but of this I am convinced—if a person, who, at one time, possessed some share of the better feelings of the heart, and was unfeignedly touched with the miseries of his unfortunate fellow creatures; but who, afterwards, from motives not less obvious than dishonourable, unblushingly apostatizes, and

"Sees stern oppression's iron grasp,
And mad ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, waste, and murder, o'er the land;"

Not merely with callous indifference, but with open and insulting exultation. If such a person, who, in his better moments, defended the liberties of mankind, becomes renegade, and, with all his heart, strength, soul, and mind, urges their oppressors to the adoption of every unconstitutional measure—spies, dungeons, tortures, gibbets, and racks—for crushing these liberties,—he ought to be *pensioned*—with a halter; and it is to be hoped he has yet sufficient virtue left to direct him in the proper use

So sang the Bard, now dead and gone—
 Poor BURNS ! Apollo's dearest son !

of it. Notwithstanding his disgusting cant and slang about his own superior sanctity, and the vain-glorious display of his many, many virtues and accomplishments,—he ought to know that the feet of honest men would rise instinctively to kick such an affected, self-sufficient, and venal *weathercock*, as he is—deserving neither the name of a poet or a man. His self-complacency and egotism are beyond all parallel. The most disordered maniac who imagines himself emperor of the world, and believes that what “he wills is fate,”—or who, like the astronomer in *Rasselas*, is satisfied that the weight of regulating the solar system lies on his shoulders,—could not be capable of playing more “fantastic tricks,” or of entertaining a more unwarranted and ridiculously overcharged idea of himself and his concerns. In his view of the matter, none have written or sung, or ever will write or sing, like his dear self. Nature and Apollo, with all the Muses in their train, have combined in endowing him “with the largest dower that Heaven indulges a child of earth.” He is to live in ages past ; and those to come, he modestly tells us, are to crown him with their “sure rewards :”

“That green wreath which decks the bard when dead,
 That laureate garland crowns my living head.”

The *Edinburgh Review* has put these pretensions of the laureate in a proper point of view, and, by most apt quotations from his poems, has sufficiently exhibited his consummate vanity. A reader of the review of his “Lay of the Laureate,” &c., in that work, might suppose that the reviewer had been at more than ordinary pains in culling the egotistical passages, for the purpose of making the poor bard ridiculous. This, however, is by no means the case : it is a fair specimen of the performance. On turning to the poem itself, it will be found that the author, by his own showing, is not only exempted from all the infirmities that “flesh is heir to,” but that the angels in Paradise cannot bear a comparison with him. After the preceding quotation, immediately follows—

“Then when the sacred sisters for their own
 Baptized thee in the springs of Helicon,
 They promis'd for thee that thou shouldst *eschew*
 All low desires—*all empty vanities* ;
 That thou shouldst still, to *truth* and *freedom* true,
 The applause or censure of the herd despise ;
 And, in obedience to their impulse given,
 Walk in the light of nature and of heaven.”

This over-tops all that has been quoted in the *Edinburgh Review*, and another critic quaintly observes upon it—“If Mr. Southey's god-mothers (the muses) ‘did promise’ for him that he should ‘*eschew all empty vanities*,’ their god-son has lived in the constant violation of their promise, ever since he arrived at that questionable period, his years of discretion.”

“O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
 To see oursels as ithers see us,
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
 And foolish notion.”

Poor Southey flatters himself that all his well-merited and multifarious castigations have been inflicted from sheer envy of his high situation and talents. If he could see “himself as ithers see him,” he would find that he never was farther mistaken in his life. Although we have “*seers*” in this quarter that have pretensions to the “second sight,” yet I never heard of any of them that had discovered wherein this gentleman's talents lay ; and it is believed this is a puzzle that will remain unriddled till the end of time. We cannot exactly know with what degree of veneration, respect, and wonder, the laureate

"'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
His humblest reed could more prevail—

crown may be viewed by the English ; but Mr. Southey may be assured that the sturdy sons of Caledonia look upon it, in its true light, as a mere bauble, that could only be worn, or respected, by a fool. As for the laureate himself, they care as little for him, and less, than for any old blind piper that plays from door to door for his daily bread. The description of the silly, tinsel, mummary and parade of a birth-day at court, is read by them with far less interest, and is less regarded—than the homely and honest festivities of one of their own penny weddings. A strathspey on the Highland bagpipe, or one of Burns' songs, they consider worth all the trash of birth-day odes that have been written or chanted for centuries past ; at the same time, they are far from being deficient in the essentials of loyalty.

Mr. Southey imagines that all the bards are dying from envy, because he has carried off the laurel crown ; but if he could see this office "as ithers see it," he would be convinced that, with the exception of the other two partners of the "Lake Company," Messrs. Coleridge and Wordsworth—there is not a bard in Britain would have accepted of a retainer fee for the annual prostitution of his muse : not that any person grudges his *salary* and his *sack* ; or, as we say in Scotland, his "*wage and his sap* ;" they are not equivalent to the fetters which he has voluntarily doomed himself to wear. It is well known that on the death of Colly Cibber, in 1757, Bard Gray had the honour of refusing the office of poet laureate, to which he was induced by the disgrace brought upon it through the inability of those who had previously filled it. Then, who in the name of wonder would accept of it after Southey—perhaps some *government spy* ; and, in this era of retrenchment, it is probable these two offices may be conjoined. There is not the least doubt but Messrs. Castles, Oliver, and Richmond, would write birth-day odes very prettily. Who can read some of the early, pathetic, and simple pieces of Mr. Southey, where he uniformly defends and protects the poor and unprotected against the tyranny of their powerful oppressors, and contrast these with his latter productions, without the most painful emotions. That he should now join the heartless ruffians of the press in his abuse of the lower orders of society, who, from the pressure of the times, without any fault of their own, have been forced

"to beg their bread,
And steep their hard earn'd bit in bitter tears :"

And to assist his courtly patrons in culling terms of the deepest obloquy and reproach, to lavish on that unfortunate class of the community—such as, "the swinish multitude," "base ragamuffins," and other disgraceful epithets, which he would not dare to apply to the horses and dogs of these noble patrons,—are circumstances to be lamented, but which, thank God, can very seldom happen in the nature of things. Such a direful and disgraceful violation of every good and virtuous principle can only take place when this globe shall carry on its surface another human being capable of humbling and degrading himself as Mr. Southey has done.

Mr. Southey, either from vanity, flatters himself, or, with a view of cloaking his venality, wishes to flatter the public into the belief that he has changed his principles and political opinions, from encrease of knowledge and maturity of wisdom. If, however, he possessed this "giftie," which Burns laments the want of, he would find the *ratio* assigned erroneous in the extreme. For it appears most palpable to every person, except himself, that every moment he lives adds a stone to his cairn of folly, and that his vanity encreases in due proportion with his imbecility. The poor man speaks pompously of his grey and reverend locks, shaded by his laurel crown. He looks on his August person, and chuckles with the self-complacency of an Adonis inspecting himself at his mirror. He speaks of his venal, abandoned, and prostituted Muse, as if she were still a vestal virgin. He flatters himself that his fame will last while the sun gives light to read his poems, and that he will live for ever. As *Colly Cibber*, after death, lives in the *Dunciad*, so will Mr. Southey in the *Edinburgh Review*—"a bloated mass of insolence, absurdity, and self-conceit." His picture will be viewed with wonder in that work when his

Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all that charms this laggard age."
 Yet still a narrow-minded few,
 A feeble, canting, creeping crew,
 Conspire to blast his honest fame,

poems are forgotten : even his prose lucubrations in the *Quarterly Review* will not furnish him a twig to grasp at in sinking ignobly to the shades of oblivion. A person may honestly change his opinions ; but that man must be siezed with inexpressible horror, on reviewing his past life, who can condemn others in such strong terms, merely for holding the opinions which he once did himself. Well may the words of the able reviewer of Coleridge's "*Biographia Literaria*," in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, be applied to the laureate. "He seems to believe that every tongue is wagging in his praise,—that every ear is open to imbibe the oracular breathings of his inspiration." "No sound is so sweet to him as that of his own voice ; the ground is hallowed on which his footsteps tread ; and there seems to him something more than human in his very shadow." "Opinions that seem to tally with his own wild ravings, are holy and inspired ; and, unless agreeable to his creed, the wisdom of ages is folly." "His admiration of nature, or of man,—I had almost said, his religious feelings towards his God,—are all narrowed, weakened, and corrupted and poisoned by inveterate and diseased egotism ; and, instead of his mind reflecting the beauty and glory of nature, he seems to consider the mighty universe itself as nothing better than a mirror, in which, with a grinning and idiot self-complacency, he may contemplate the physiognomy of Robert Southey, Esq., poet laureate." "So deplorable a delusion as this has only been equalled by that of Johanna Southcote, who mistook a complaint in the bowels for the Divine *afflatus* ; and believed herself about to give birth to the Regenerator of the World, when sick unto death of an incurable and loathsome disease." So like are these *Lakers* unto each other, that the description applies most aptly to all the three—Messrs. Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. On reading the poetry of the one, a person feels a certain indescribable sensation, as if eating an egg without salt,—of the other as if drinking whey,—and of the last as if taking a dose of magnesia. In short, this *Lake* poetry is what the English language cannot express—a farrago of *merghless, foizonless, farrachless* nonsense,—

"To my gueed auld proverb confeerin',
 Neither gueed fish, nor flesh, nor yet sa't herrin'."

Now, when this long note is drawing to a close, I could not, if asked, state distinctly for what purpose it has been written : it certainly has little connection with the subject, but I have run on insensibly, and will not blot out. Vanity is not a deadly sin ; but when connected with apostacy, intolerance, and other naseous qualities, it renders the possessor, at the very least, an object of derision and contempt. From the tone and tenor of the note, I am aware it may be supposed that the writer, forsooth, thinks *himself a bit of a Poet*. This he denies in the most explicit terms. He knows well he has no more pretensions to the title of a *Poet* than he has to that of the *Pope of Rome* ; and he has no intention of becoming candidate for either of the offices ; but he will not relinquish a privilege, common to all, and successfully exercised by many of his majesty's liege subjects, viz., that of writing and publishing nonsense, in such quantities, in such shape, and in such a manner, as he shall think proper,—in prose, in verse, or in neither ; in English, in Scotch, or in no language at all : and even, in this age of intolerance, it is presumed no person will have the hardihood to claim exclusive right to the exercise of this privilege, unless Mr. Southey, in the zenith and madness of his ambition and vain-glory, shall take it into his venerable head that his laureate crown is equivalent to a patent, conferring on him the power to quash all competition in an art, in the prosecution of which he has been so eminently successful !

And heap reproaches on his name ;
Because, alas ! the Bard has shown
Far finer feelings than their own,
He wasna just a saint like Southey,
That never sinn'd nor yet was drouthy :
What tho' he lik'd a social glass—
What tho' he lo'ed a bonnie lass ?—
He ne'er disgrac'd his well strung lyre,
By chaunting balderdash for hire ;
Nor roos'd he ony courtly elf,
Or bow'd the knee for warld's pelf.
The mavis as she hails the morn,
The speckl'd gowd-spink on the thorn,
The lark, on dewy pinions borne,
Pour forth their lays for sic reward
As did their kindred rural bard ;
Ae kindly blink o' Jeanie's e'e
O'erpa'd him for his minstrelsy.
His tale is told, his song is sung—
Deaf is his ear, and mute his tongue ;
The pigmies now may safely rail—
He canna answer for^{his} himsel' ;
And if he dought, wha wad hae dar'd
To tamper wi' the mighty Bard ?
It wad be folly in a wren
To beard the lion in his den.

}

Wae worth the Bard, again I say,
That sings for guerdon or for pay.

Now, by my fay, I'm going bonny on,
I'd maist forgot the Patagonian ;
Like Butler, wi' his bear and fiddle,
I've left the subject i' the middle ;
But to my story now I'll fast stick ;
I mauna fa' the Hudibrastick.

Well, soaring o'er the squalid host,
We left the giant's grimly ghost ;
Like the oak above the underwood,
In majesty the spectre stood.

His banes were bare, and bleach'd like linen,
While ev'ry art'ry, nerve and sinnen,
Were screw'd in concert, flat and sharp,
To whistle like the Æolian harp.
Ilk tendon, taght like thairm, was lac'd ;
Twa wounds, seem'd sound holes, on his breast ;
And as the wind at times fell low,
Or ceas'd a hurricane to blow,
His fingers then supplied the blast,
As o'er the twanging chords they past ;
And neither thunder, rain, or fire,
Could e'er untune that awsome lyre.

As soon's he rear'd him to the storm,
His shrivell'd fibres 'gan to mourn ;

And frae his hollow trunk soon came out
 A' the notes upo' the gamut.
 First dismal sounds of deep despair
 Burst hollow on the troubelt air,
 Join'd by the minstrel's vocal tones—
 Unearthly wails, and dolefu' groans ;
 The air was sad—the key was low—
 The words were wild—the measure slow :
 Anon he trill'd it, light and airy,
 Sweet as the harp of ony fairy,
 When lightly trip the tiny crew
 O'er hillocks green, and tippie dew ;
 As if to show his lyric skill,
 And that the tones were at his will :
 But voices grummelt, " Please your honour,
 We canna hear him for the thunner !"
 When Sathan bellow'd, fierce with ire—
 " You duxy lubber, brace your lyre !
 Still higher yet ! you fiend, play higher !!"
 Now, swith wi' vir, he whirl'd him round,
 An hideous instrument of sound !
 His fleshless fingers swept the lyre
 With all a minstrel's force and fire :
 Oh then, indeed ! the coil began,
 Sic sounds ne'er reach'd the ear of man :

From right and left, before, behind,
He flang his music on the wind ;
In whispers, sighs, loud yells and screams,
Such as are heard in devil's dreams ;
Eldrich, eerie, uncouth strains,
That turn'd a' their heads and brains :
Till midnight hags did round him gallop,
An' gard their wither'd hurdies wallop !
Hobgoblins round an' round him whirl'd,
Auld grey-beard warlocks lap an' skirl'd,
Pou'd the hair frae ithers' pallets,
And tore, in wraith, the witches' callets !
The lightnin' flash'd—the wind blew sharper,
Louder squeel'd the fleshless harper !
O'er treble height he rais'd his lays,
The thunder growl'd a double base !
'Till swith inspir'd by his ain lyre,
He up and till't himsel' like fire—
Hurra'd, an' cheer'd, an' feez'd his chanter,
An' lap, like Meg to Rob the Ranter !
Shook his brainless skull in passion,
And roar'd like ony bull o' Bashun.
As thro' the mazy dance he whirlt,
The vera ground beneath him dirlt.
Still loud and louder howl'd the storm—
The harper skirlt up "*Tullochgorum* ;"

Follow'd fast by "*Callum Brogie*,"
 "*Delvin Side*," and "*Boat o' Logie*."
 Wi' vengefu' vir, and norlan' twang.
 Till a' his banes and fibres rang;
 An' a' the devils in a ring
 Yarkit up the Highland fling;
 They yell'd and whiskit round and round
 And duntit wi' their paws the ground;
 "The vera moudiworts were stunn'd:"
 E'en Sathan seem'd to enjoy the sport;
 He cried, "My hearties, that's your sort;
 Come, keep it up, my jolly boys!
 Nor let me interrupt your joys;
 Ill wad it suit my robes and wig,
 To whirl in a waltz or jig;
 But be assur'd, neist haly night,
 I'll skelp it up wi' a' my might:
 Fandangos, 'jigs, strathspeys, and reels,'
 Ay, till the fire flee frae my heels."
 The Assembly echoed their applause,
 And cheer'd him thrice wi' loud huzzas!
 The vera ghaists play'd antic pranks,
 They screight an' shook their spindle-shanks!
 An' lent each other ruthless paiks
 Athort the bare and merghless spaiks;
 While still, at ilka thud and sough,

They cried, "weel done!—hey!—hilloa!!—whoogh!!!"
Clappit their wither'd hands an' leugh,
'Till, 'mid the din of dance and battle,
Their banes were heard for miles to rattle!
Beatin' time, expert and nimble,
Douff like drum, and snell like cymble;
An' aye's they fell to crockinition,
Their wizzent timbers stour'd like sneishin;
An' flew, in cluds, athort the lift,
As choakin' thick as yowden drift.

Puir John was fain to clear their range, or
Sooth his ribs had been in danger;
For mony a time, when eident loupin'
They slyly tried heels up to coup 'im;
An' fidgin' fain to try his mettle,
Did mony a lerrup at him ettle;
But Belzie bade them stand aloof,
Till of his guilt they brought some proof.

When lo! a Spectre, lank and pale,
Advanc'd to tell his waefu' tale;
Wi' mony a scar his visage frown'd,
His bosom gash'd wi' mony a wound:
His een were out, but thro' the sockets
The lightnin' play'd like Congreve rockets!
His maughtless hands on's thigh-bones clatter'd,
His fleshless jaws on ither chatter'd,

The wind sang thro' his sapless form,
Which rockit to the roarin' storm,
And issuing mony a dreary sound,
Join'd concert with the scene around.
"Grim King of brunstane, soot, and fire,"
He said "I come at your desire ;
An allagrugous, gruesome spectre,
A' gor'd and bor'd, like Trojan Hector :
How slim and shrivell'd is that corpus,
That ance was plump as ony porpus ;
In darkness, and on whirlwinds borne,
On me ne'er blinks the light of morn ;
Nor zephyrs, blawn by breath o' day,
Can on my pallid carcase play :
My flesh, devour'd by hungry worms,
Has left my banes to dree the storms
Of wind and rain and fire 's you see—
O mercy ! what will come o' me."

He shook, convuls'd, and strove to cry—
His tears were drain'd—the source was dry ;
The rain ran down his cheek-banes, clear,
Unmingl'd wi' ae briny tear ;
His moisture a' was drunken up,
And bitter, bitter was his cup :
Deep frae his breast came mony a groan—
He paus'd a while, and then went on :

“Ance dear to me the morning ray—
Ance dear the radiant beams of day ;
And sweet the gloamin’s purple gleam
That dy’d the bosom of the stream ;
But now, mair welcome to my sight
The darksome hues of dreary night,
And a’ that nature’s face deforms,
Dire earthquakes, famine, fire, and storms ;
I carena though this globe should moulder,
An’ a’ creation gae to sculder!”

To whom the chief—“Your murmurs cease !
I see the hardship of your case ;
But this is not the point in hand—
Come, tell me quickly, I command—
Upon your oath—if that’s the man
Who circumscribed your mortal span ?”
(His right hand, pointing streight to John,
Who clos’d his eyes, and heav’d a groan).
He swore—then said, “May I be scourg’d
If I am not of malice purg’d,
And eke revenge, and partial counsel,
Albeit the brute has used my sconce ill ;
Wi’ mony words I winna deave ye,
Mark down *depones affirmativé*.”
Syne chowl’d his chanler chafts at John,
And vanish’d wi’ a’ dolefu’ groan.

John chowl'd again—and cried, “ I scorn ye,
 Ye shadow of a sly attorney ;
 If such as you I'd only slain,
 My arm had ne'er been rais'd in vain.”*
 Swith, wi' a low and hollow sound,
 A Figure startit throu' the ground,
 And rais'd baith yird and stane upright :
 O vow ! it was an awsome sight.
 A headless trunk, in anguish, stood,
 Sair bor'd wi' wounds, and smear'd wi' blood :
 Ae arm a stump—the ither bore
 The gausty pallet, grim wi' gore.
 He loutit him wi' due respeck,
 An' toutit throu' his hummel neck :
 His speech was eldrich and uncouth,
 'Cause, losin's head, he'd lost his mouth :
 He spake a language, rough and rude,
 Yet he was eithly understood.
 The Judge exclaim'd—“ Enough ! retire !!
 And hark ye ! raise a rousin' fire !!”
 He flang at John the gory pow,
 An' disappear'd a' in a low.
 The Harper, in a mournfu' strain,
 Sang how by John he had been slain ;

* During a disturbance in one of our western boroughs, the hero slew (amongst others) a town-clerk and three writers. From the technical mode of delivering his evidence, it is presumed this witness must have been the shade of one of these unfortunate limbs of the law.

And how he lay upon Cape Horn,
His flesh by rav'nous vultures torn ;
Sang how they pick'd his banes sae bare,
And pluckit frae his pow the hair
To nestle saft their savage young :
A dowie sang as e'er was sung.
An' how, without a' earthly motion,
His ghost had cross'd the Atlantic ocean,
Five thousand miles frae his cauld hame,
Swift gliding o'er the saut sea feam ;
While, as he skim'd the ocean along,
He harpit to the Mermaid's song ;
And he harpit high, and he harpit low,
As the air was calm, or the wind might blow ;
Until his will and weary ghost
Came bump against the *Scotian* coast ;
And soon by the breeze frae the land he smelt
It was there where his bloody murderer dwelt,
More he said 'twas bootless to tell,
The rest was known to Nick full well.
Here the *Justice* nodded assent,
And harping away the Minstrel went.

The Kelpie likewise gae his aith,
That John had tried to stap his breath,
An' did misguide him past resistance,
Afore he roar'd out for assistance.

Now mony a gaunt and shadowy form
Rode hideous on the roaring storm ;
In grim procession, rank and file,
Their line extended mony a mile :
They pointed to their gaping wounds,
And skim'd alang wi' eerie sounds :
As each pass'd John in sad review,
The blood stream'd frae his wounds anew,
Which, plainer told than words might tell,
'Twas by his murd'rous hands they fell.

Like vision in a Prophet's dream,
The chief bestrode the North-esk stream ;
Ae foot in Mearns, and ane in Angus
(Lord keep sic gentry out amang us!) :
Colossus-like, he tower'd on high,
Till, wi' his wig, he brush'd the sky ;
Then, loud as thunder, roar'd out " Havock ! "
The sound rang throu' the hill o' Garvock ;
O'er Marykirk and Coble-heugh,
And down the dale wi' hollow sough ;
While Craigo woods, and Martin's Den,
Re-echoed " Havock " back again :
Loud howl'd the yawning caves of nicht ;
The watch-dogs yirr'd and youf'd wi' fricht ;
The foxes wildly yowl'd wi' wonder,
And whing'd, and cow'rd, and left their plunder ;

The timid teuchit slouch'd its crest,
And cuddled closer to its nest ;
The watchfu' mate flaff'd i' the gale,
Wi' eerie screech and plaintive wail,
Now soar'd aloft, now scuff'd the ground,
And wheel'd in mony an antic round ;
The trouts div'd deeper i' the brook,
The hare, like ony aspin, shook,
And mortals quak'd on beds of fear,
As echo pierc'd the drowsy ear ;
Their rest disturb'd—they wist not how,
The clammy sweat stood on the brow ;
They hear'd the wind and beating rain,
An' dover't o'er asleep again.
Wi' mony a sigh and dolefu' grane,
John gaz'd stramulyert on the scene :
Dim wax'd the lustre o' his e'e,
He guess'd the wierd he had to dree ;
Ilk creature's dread 'twere vain to tell,
E'en frae the benmost bores o' hell,
The damn'd rebellow'd back the yell !
Like lions prowlin' for their food,
Or tygers bath'd in human blood ;
Grim furies spread their forkit fangs,
An' drove at John wi' furious bangs :

}

Neist witches claught him in a crack,
 An' roove the duds frae aff his back ;
 The spunkies round his hurdies hirseld,
 Till's vera hide was peel'd and birseld.
 Wi' wicked glee the warlocks dous'd him.
 And splash ! into the river sous'd him !
 Oh ! never sin' he first was cradelt,
 Was John sae sadly dung and daidelt.
 Again they trail'd him to the shore—
 For mercy he began to roar :
 In turn the Kelpie cried, "Encore !
 Mercy ! surely ! ha, ha, te hee !
 Sic mercy as you show'd to me !
 Sic mercy as you show'd the Bouchers—
 Ow ! whare's your *Latin* now and *vouchers*,
 Your fiery dragons and mullatoes,
 Your burning mounts and roas'n 'tatoes !
 Your silks and satin, fibs, and scancin',
 Your airy flights, and foreign dancin' :
 We hae ye, billie, i' the grip,
 An' damn the dog that let's ye slip ;
 As lang's the blood runs i' your veins,
 Or, while there's flesh upon your banes :
 You never mair shall see your hame ;
 Nay, from the book of life your name,

JOHN O' ARNHA.



The specter round his burden hover'd,
Till, when his woe was past, an angel'd
Went down, and said, 'Behold, ye fiends catch him,
As to the rocky regions smother him.'

Great furies spread their forked wings,
As down at John we furious bangs;
Next wither clunght him in a crack,
As rove the wild fire off his back;

Before the cock proclaim the morn,
Is doom'd to be eras'd and torn."

Now fierce each miscreated form
Career'd upon the mid-night storm,
Around their prey, wi' ghastly grin,
And stunn'd his ears wi' horrid din :
They gnash'd their teeth, and spat and snor'd ;
Some squall'd like cats—some hoarsely roar'd ;
The wildest howls, compar'd to theirs,
Might seem the music of the spheres.
Earth trembl'd thrice ! another shake
Had clear'd the cuff o' Atlas' neck,
And launch'd this mighty Ball apace,
To range the bounds of endless space.
It cogl'd thrice, but at the last
It rested on his shoulders fast.

Still, huge in stature, stood the chief,
Like Lochnagar, or Teneriffe ;
When clouds upon their summits lie,
They seem to prop a low'ring sky :
He loudly howl'd—"Ye furies catch him,
And to the sooty regions snatch him :
Swith ! do your work—flay, blast, and burn,
The hour that severs night from morn
Is on the wing and soon ye'll hear
The silver voice of Chanticleer :

Then haste before the dawn of day
Deprive us of our lawful prey—
Come! clapperclaw him while ye may.”

Now a' the crew prepar'd at ance
To shower a volley on his banes,
And peal'd forth sic an awsome yell—
He swarf'd wi' fear, and senseless fell
Upon the sward, wi' hollow groan,
And lay as cauld and still's a stone;
While, in their reckless random speed,
To number him among the dead,
The fiends row'd ower him where he lay,
And grappelt ither for their prey.
But, ere he met his final doom,
Aurora peep'd athwart the gloom;
The grey cock clapp'd his wings and crew—
The Harper loud a parley blew;
The morning air sang i' the blast;—
The hour of retribution's past!
And helter-skelter, swift aff flew
The Deil an' a' the infernal crew:
They scream'd—then vanish'd frae the sight,
Like empty visions o' the night.
The bleeding shadows of the slain
Fast glided to their graves again,

A' cauld and pale, as snaw-flakes driven
Athwart the dusky arch of Heaven,
When winter waves his frozen spear,
And sternly rules the "varied year ;"
And wing'd, with speed, the fiendish host
Betook them to another coast ;
But what that coast, or where it lay,
Is not for silly Bard to say.

And now the thunder ceas'd to roar,
The forked lightning flash'd no more :
Rain ceas'd to fa'—the wind to breathe,
An' a' was calm and still as death—
A', save the rushing o' the stream,
And past events seem'd like a dream.

No farther light the record gives,
Save that the valiant hero lives,
A pilgrim on this mortal stage,
And has attained a good old age ;
That it hath been his happy lot
Five times to tie the nuptial knot :
To be the spouse of five sweet flowers
As ever blush'd in bridal bowers ;
A dire reproach to every dunce
That never grac'd the altar *once* !

Lang may he live, unvex'd with care :
"None but the brave deserves the fair ;"—
Lang may he live, baith hale and sound,
And never feicht another round,
"Till Death slip sleely on, and gie the hinmost wound."





THE MURDERIT MYNSTRELL.



OW sweetlie shonne the morning sunne
Upon the bonnie Ha'-house o' Dun :
Siccan a bien and lovelie abode
Micht wyle the pilgrime aff his road ;
But the awneris' hearte was harde as stane,
And his Ladye's was harder still, I weene.
They neur gaue amous to the poore,
And they turnit the wretchit frae thair doore,
Quhile the strainger, as he passit thair yett,
Was by the wardowre and tykkes besett.
Oh there livit there ane bonnie Maye,
Mylde and sweet as the morning raye,
Or the gloamin of ane summeris daye :
Hir haire was faire, hir eyne were blue,
And the dymples o' luv playit round hir sweet mou ;

Hir waiste was sae jimp, her anckil sae sma,
Hir bosome as quhyte as the new-driven snawe
Sprent o'er the twinne mountains of sweit Caterthunne,
Beamand mylde in the rayes of a wynterie sunne,
Quhair the myde of a fute has niver bein,
And not a cloud in the lift is sein ;
Quhen the wynd is slumb'ring in its cave,
And the barke is sleeping on the wave,
And the breast of the ocean is as still
As the morning mist upon Morven Hill.
Oh sair did scho rue, baith nighte and daye,
Hir hap was to be thiss Ladye's Maye.

Ae morning a Mynstrell, aged and poore,
Came harping to thiss Ha'-house doore ;
His heart seimit light, thoch his hewit was bare,
And spairlie coverit wi' thinne quhyte haire ;
His bearde adown his bosome fell
Streamand like snowe in a wynterie gale.
Sae sweit and blythesome was his laye,
The gowd-spinke dancit upon the spraye ;
The lint-quhite chirpit frae the busch,
And sweetlie sang the lark and the thrusch ;
Quhyle dyght in grein, the fairie crew
Dancit frae the grass the morning dew,
For the dæmons of nighte had taken their flighte
As soon as they saw the morning lighte,

And the ghaistis had left the drearie yewe ;
Oh they trippit sae lightlie over the lea,
Thair nymble feet scant mocht ane see ;
Thair doublettes were grein, as grein mocht be,
And they shonne in the sunne lyke the Spainzie flee.
And aye the Mynstrell harpit and sang,
Till his notes throu' ilka chamber rang :
Thoch decrepit, forlorne, and raggie was he,
There was merghe in his fingeris, and fyre in his e'e ;
Thoch his voice it was broken, and tremmult full sore,
He sung Caledonia's battels of yore ;
Hir mountains sae wylde, and her sweit smyling playns,
And the graces and lues of hir nymphs and hir swayns.
He brushit the wyre wi' mickle glee ;
He lytit his notes righte merrilie,
As giff nae dolowre michen he dree.

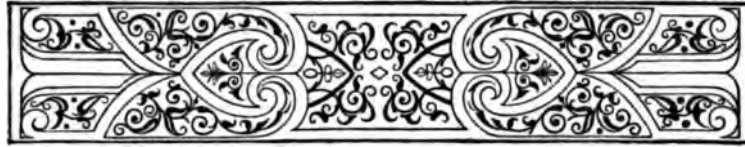
The Ladye of Dun scho rung hir bell—
“ Quhat noyse is thiss—pray quicklie tell ;
Quhat meins thiss lytling and deray ?
A bonnie-lyke rippit thiss, by my fay !”
—“ A Mynstrell, Madam, aged and poore,”
Quod the Damischell, “ is harping at the doore :
And oh, my Ladye, I'm wae to see him,
And wishe I had onlie somethyng to gie him,
For his doublette is raggie, his hewit is bare,
And the wind sings throu' his thinne quhyte haire,

Albeit his layes be blythsome and sweit,
He hasna a bachel to cover his feit."—
—"Harping at thiss tyme of the morne,
Upon my lyfe it canna be borne;
Ye menseless woman, gae tell my men
To flyng the catyffe o'er the Denn,
And let him perische i' the deip,
For raisand the Ladye o' Dun frae her sleip."

The Damischell lookit sae wae and sae meik,
And a pearl of pity stood cleir on ilk cheik,
—"Shall I tell him, my Ladye, to wend o'er the lea,
And he winna come back for bountith or fee;
The sillie auld carl, may peace gae wi' him,
I'm sure, dear Ladye, thiss tyme ye'll forgie him."
Her voice was sae sweit, and she bendit hir knee,
And the moisture of ruthe dimm'd hir bonnie blue e'e,
Quhilk glissent lyke the sunne throu' a cloud in June,
Or the mylder radiance of the moone,
As scho rides in the heavens all alone,
And the thinne mysts of summer sail round her throne:
Ane angell from God mocht hae kist that sweit face,
And returnit to Heaven all pure from the embrace.
"Swythe, out of my presence! ye heard quhat I said,"
Quod the Ladye—"Tis meit that my behests be obey'd."
The men they had dancit to the Mynstrell's laye,
But readie their Ladye's behests to obeye—

Thae fleichin, sinfu', murtherous men,
They flang the harper o'er the Denn,
And loot him perische i' the deip,
For raisand the Ladye o' Dun frae hir sleip.
He priggit for mercie—he prayit for grace,
Quhyle the tearis ran doun his aged face ;
He vowit to Heiven he maint nae offence,
And beggit the men to lett him gae hence—
To hirple his waas to the cot-house doore,
And cheir with his layes the semple and poore ;
For thoch his comforts here were but few,
His bosome beat to Nature trewe.
“Nae mercie here,” quod the men “can be given,
But we hope, auld man, you'll meet it in Heiven ;
Our Ladye's behests we are bound to obey,
Albeit we hae dancit to your roundelay ;
Then stryke on your harpe the last sound of woe,
Before that you sleip in your cauld bed below !”
The Laird o' Dun had power of the law ;
The Mynstrell was flung in, harpe an a' :
The Mynstrell he groan'd, and his harpe it rung,
And mute for aye was his tunefu' tongue !
A waesome syght it was to see
Him launchit sae quick to eternitie ! ✧
Ance kythit o'er the streame his bearde sae hoare—
Syne his spirit wingit its way to gloare ;

And niver mair was that Mynstrell sein ;
But aye and anon, at morn and at e'en,
His harpe it sounded to the breize,
And a figure was sein to glide throu' the trees,
And groans were heard, sae loud and sae deip,
The Ladye o' Dun could niver mair sleip ;
But aye the mament scho winkit an e'e,
Scho saw before hir, as plain as mocht be,
The Mynstrell wyde gapin and wreathin in paine,
And suein for mercie he couldna obtaine,
And wringin his hands in wylde despaire,
And waggin his head and his thinne quhyte haire,
Quhyle veive in her fancie wad scho see,
The ghastralie glowre of his death-set e'e ;
And his clay-cauld hand wad presse hir cheike ;
Oh then wad scho start frae hir bedde and shreike,—
“ Haud aff that hand ! oh, withdraw that e'e ;
For Heiven's sake, take him away from me !
His bearde seemis smearit over wi' feame :
Oh ! I wish it were, but its nae—a *dreame* !
For he looks sae wyldie in my face
That I wish to God he had metten wi' grace !
Lord ! send to my saul the balsame of peace :
Oh, quherr shall I fynde it ? Neuer—neuer !
It has fledde this bosome for euer and euer !”



THE BARK.



H, red, red was the rising sun,
And red the earth he shone upon,
And red the ocean beneath him roll'd,
And its surface was like burnish'd gold ;
Yet hoarse and hollow was its roar,
As it gurgl'd against the rocky shore ;
For although the wind seemed fast asleep,
It held its influence over the deep ;
And those that heard a sound so hollow,
Prophesied that a storm would follow,
While evermore, as the drowsy wave
Receded from the briny cave,
Soft murmurs stole upon the ear,
Such as the pensive love to hear :
And the raven, perched upon the rock,
To each murmur joined his prophetic croak.
Yet every thing in the sea, in the air,
And on the earth, was mild, serene, and fair !

So lovely, gentle, bright, and bland,
That I thought myself in fairy land.

A little bark, with seeming glee,
Was rocking on the golden sea,
And spreading wide her snow-white sail
To catch on its breast the coy gale.
But not a breath on its bosom blew ;
Albeit the saying is noways new—
Still women and wind prove oft untrue ;
And which of them vex poor seamen worst,
If I can tell—may I be *****.

Now methinks I hear the landsmen cry—
“Hear is the bathos profound—O fy !
A tarry sailor is the poet.”

Say I, “that’s true any lubber might know it.”
Yet seamen feel as keen as others,
And why should not seamen and landsmen be brothers ?

As yet this bark, with seeming glee,
Was rocking on the golden sea ;
And no distinction ’twixt windward and lee.
Around her the playful sea birds lave
Their plumage in the sparkling wave ;
And they sported upon the glassy sea,
Like guileless lambs, on the flowery lea :
They dived below, and they rose again,
And they seemed like speckles on the main—

Now disappearing, now returning,
Like the watery beams of an April morning ;
But the sail that hung as white and as still
As the snow upon Benvoirlich Hill,
Now shook and flapped against the mast,
Precursor of the coming blast,—
Though from what point that blast might blow,
As yet the steersman did not know.

A blackened blast now blew from the sea,
And soon it was seen the land was the lea.

The bark now lay to the leeward side ;
And along the surface began to glide ;
Dipping her gunwale in the ocean,
She shot ahead with a rapid motion.
The breast of the sail was full, and now
The waves in wrath were dashed from the prow ;
Spitting, splashing, she floundered along—
Strait in each stay, and stiff in every thong.
The hollow sound was heard no more,
But the breakers in vengeance lashed the shore,
The clouds, erewhile of a crimson dye,
Now mustered murky in the sky ;
They marched in front of the morning sun,
And his shining for that day was done.
No more the sportive sea birds lave
Their plumage in the sunny wave ;

The curlew's melancholy wail
Came deep and plaintive on the gale—
A solemn sad foreboding cry :
The startled mew flew screaming by.
The breast of the ocean gleamed no more
Like a yellow lake of molten ore ;
But soon it assumed a dark, dark hue—
I pity that bark and her weary crew.

The wind and the sea still louder roar ;
There is no safety in seeking the shore,—
A pile of rocks, both bold and steep,
There frown majestic over the deep ;
And evermore, on the topmost rock,
Is heard the raven's dismal croak.

The lovely morn—the magic light
That gilded the earth and the ocean so bright,
And painted all creation gay—
Like happiness, had passed away :
I look'd yet wistful from the strand,
But I saw no more of fairy land.

Still louder it blew ; and the briny spray
Was blown like drift athwart the bay,
White and thick as the winter snow,
That scours the plain when tempests blow ;
And often over the deck it flew
In showers upon the dripping crew ;

In balls the yesty foam flew past,
Borne to landward on the blast.
A sunken rock in the offing lay,
Unknown to strangers in that bay ;
No buoy, nor beacon, erected there,
To guard against the fatal snare.
The labouring bark, with sudden shock,
Was impelled against that hidden rock !
It seemed that an opening in her side,
Voracious, drank the briny tide,—
For she yawed around with a palsied motion,
Then sunk to the bottom of the ocean,
Down in the navel of the bay,
Quick as the sea-fowl after its prey.
As anxious I gazed with pity and awe,
The crew, like specks, on the surface I saw ;
I sorrowed to see their woful case,
And the tears and the spray mixed on my face,
I saw them grapple with the wave,
And I saw them sink to a watery grave !
Their hour was come, and they soundly sleep
In the roomy bosom of the deep.
I either heard a distant cry,
Or the wail of the wind as it whistled by ;
But which of these now matters not—
It cannot change their awful lot.

I listened again, but I heard no more,
Save the howl of the blast and the ocean's roar,
And the scream of the mew and the curlew's wail,
As they flitted past upon the gale :
Then mournfully I bore away,
And I swabbed from my cheeks the tears and the spray,
But I'll never forget what I saw that day.





NATIVE MUSIC.



H, strains! for ever, ever dear;

While thus you swell your varied note,
Methinks angelic forms are near,
Aerial warblings round me float!

Now sadly sweet the numbers glide,
And pity mourns the tender woes
Of her who wept a "widowed bride,"
Where soft the classic Yarrow flows.

And now the strains, in tears they steep,
For him who leaves his native shore;
Who, doomed to cross the western deep,
Shall never see Lochaber more.

Breathe, gentle airs! and draw the tear
For her, the maid in beauty's pride,
Who mourns her absent lover dear,
By Logan's fairy-haunted side.

Symphonious sounds ! whose warbled strain
Comes caroled sweet from yonder glade ;
Ye bring my childhood back again—
Ye speak of days for ever fled !

Days of delight ! when free to stray
Where slow the North Esk winds along,
I listened to your love-lorn lay—
I joyed to hear your Doric song.

So the poor Swiss, as pensive slow,
He journeys o'er some foreign clime,
If chance he hear these wild notes flow,
That soothed him on his hills sublime.

So with delighted ear attends ;
So courts their magic melody ;
Bethinks him of his home and friends,
And gives them sad, a tear—a sigh.





KETTY PERT.

TUNE—"The Boatie Rows."



HEY ca' me auld Ketty Pert,
And my man Tammie Allen,
But ne'er did I my Tam dezert,
For a' that's 'tween us fallen.

CHORUS.

By zellin' mussels, vlukes, an' eels,
I win my daily breed ;
At night wi' meat I vill my creels ;
To beg I ne'er 'ad need.

When ance, wi' murlin by my zide,
Down to the zands I gaed ;
Zurrounded was I by the tide,
Upon a mussel bed.

This prayer unto my zell I zays—
Lord, a' my zins vorgee ;
I've lived by mussels a' my days,
Now 'mang them I maun dee.

When young I was baith vair and vleet ;
And now, the Lord be thankit,
I can gae up throu' a' the street,
And nane gan bo' my blanket.

Oh that some honest gentlemand
Ahint wad turn free ;
And as by chance come to the zands
And zee auld Ketty dee.

God provideth, in his providence,
Vor low as weel as high :
Just when I thought I wou'd go hence,
Twa gentlemend cam by.

By this time I began to float,
And heedeously to roar ;
The angels cam aff in a boat,
And reach'd me wi' an oar.

I, wi' a zair and beating heart,
The boat at last did reach ;
And thus was zaved auld Ketty Pert,
And laid upon the beach !



KETTY PERT'S PETITION.*



INVOCATION.



Y blessin's on that face, ye bonny creature—
Benevolence sheens in ilka feature ;
Blythe that ye seem to lean on pity's side,
In thee my present errand, freely, I'll confide.
I crave your grace, not for mysel', but for anither,
Wha fifty years sin' syne might been my mither ;
To tell you a' her wants wad mak you eery,
For, oh ! the tale's baith lang, and unco dreary.
The muse said mildly—" Tune thy harp,
And round the chords meet strains shall warp ;
For well I know the case is such
As needs a smooth, but smarting touch."
'Tune thy harp,' quoth I : ' in troth, I coudna duid,
Though 'twere to save my dearest drap o' bluid :
I am, ye ken, to this trade young and raw yet—
I'll need to rise a wee fore I can fa' yet.'

* This second effusion was written in consequence of a letter in the "Montrose Review," recommending Ketty's condition as a proper object for the exercise of charity.

She, smiling, took my harp,—and with her lily hand,
To real concert pitch screwed up every band ;
Then, handing it to me, said, now 'tis compleat.
With a scrape and a bow, I made my retreat.

Hear, gentlefolks, an' brithers a',
Frae Fishergate to Rotten Ra' ;
Our sister Ketty's like to fa',
 Wi' cauld an' hunger ;
She, honest woman's, what we ca'
 A mussel-munger.

Her purse is tuim—her house is bare ;
For want o' Tam her heart is sair :
I'm sure, 'mang Christians, sic a share
 She ill deserves !
Oh ! I could tell you mickle mair—
 Wad shak' your nerves.

Tam was for lang as blind's a mole ;
With patience Ketty did the burden thole ;
But mony a silent sob and sigh there stole
 Frae her auld breast ;
When he slipt aff, the thing did her console,
 Was—Tam's at rest.

She mussels sheel'd, an' wan her bread,
 Till abler fouk took up the trade;
 Now, puir auld stock, she gaes a' claed
 In bits o' raggies;
 Troth, little profit has she made
 By fisher maggies.

When Wellington o'erthrew Bonaparte,
 Illumin'd winnocks shone in ilka airt,—
 Ketty deck'd her's up as clean an smart
 As ony san'le;
 Tho' little light was there, it shew'd her heart,
 A bawbee can'le.

Oh! strike your purses, dinna stare,
 There's little doubt ye'll gather mair;
 To th' puir ye surely ay can spare
 Some few bit orts!
 Oh! help a widow claed wi' care
 O' mony sorts.*

* Ketty's condition is noways improved in her old age; she is still a very fit object of charity.



THE DREAM.



—————Hence, terrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence !

SHAKESPEARE.



LAST night I dreamed a dream of horror. Methought,
That at the hour of midnight, the bell tolled,
With slow and solemn peal ; and straight, beneath
The pale cold moon, a thousand spectres moved,
In “dread array,” along “the church-way-path,”

All swathed in winding-sheets as white as snow—
A ghastly crew ! Methought I saw the graves
Yawn and yield up their charge ; and I heard the
Coffins crack, and the deadal drapery
Rustle against their hallow sides, like the
Wings of the renovated *Chrysalis*,
As they flutter against the ruins of
Their winter dormitory, when the voice
Of spring awakes them from their drousy couch,
To float aloft upon the buxom air.

Although the round full moon shone bright and clear,
Yet did none of these awful phantoms cast
Their shadows on the wan and silent earth ;
Nor was the passing breeze interrupted
By their presence. Some skimmed along the earth,
And others sailed aloft on the thin air ;
And I observed, when they came between me
And the moon, they interrupted not her
Pale rays ; for I saw her majestic orb
Distinct, round, and clear, through their indistinct
And airy forms : and although they moved
Betwixt me and the tomb-stones, yet I read
Their sculpture (deeply shaded by the bright
And piercing beams of the moon) as distinctly
As if nought, dead or living, interposed
Between my eyes and the cold monuments.

The bell ceased to toll ; and when the last peal
Died away on the ear, these awful forms
Congregated in various groups, and seemed
To hold converse. The sound of their voices
Was solemn and low, and they spoke the language
Of the "days of other years." In seeming
Woe, they spoke of events long gone by ; and
Marvelled at the changes that had taken
Place since they left this mortal scene, to sleep
Within the dark and narrow house. Voices

Issued from the mould, where no forms were seen :
These were still more hollow and sepulchral ;
They were as the sound of the cold, bleak wind,
In the dark and danky vaults of death when
It moans low and mournful, through the crannies
Of their massy doors, shattered by the hand
Of time—a serenade for owls most meet,
And such the raven loves, and hoarsely croaks
His hollow response from the blasted yew.
Often have I heard, when but a stripling,
'Twas meet to speak a troubled ghost, to give
It peace to sleep within the silent grave.
With clammy brow, and joints palsied with fear,
I said, in broken accents—“ What means this
Awful congress, this wild and wan array
Of shadowy shapes, gliding here, and moaning
At the silent, solemn hour of midnight ?
Have the crying sins and unwhipt crimes
Of mortals, in these latter days, reached you
Ev'n in the grave, where silence ever reigns,
At least as we believe ? Or complain ye
Of holy rites unpaid,—or of the crowd
Whose careless steps those sacred haunts profane ? ”
—Straight a fleshless hand, cold as ice, was pressed
Upon my lips ; and the spectres vanished
Like dew before the morning sun ; and as

They faded on my sight, a sound was heard
Like the peal of many organs, solemn,
Loud, and sonorous; or like the awful
Voice of thunder in the sky,—or mighty
Tempest, roaring in a boundless forest,
Uprooting trees, razing habitations,
And sweeping the earth with desolation;
Or like the voice of millions, raised in song:
Or the dark ocean, howling in its wrath;
Or, rather, like all those together, in
One wild concert joined. Now the mighty coil
Died gradually away, till it resembled
The last murmur of the blast on the hill;
Of storms, when it lulls itself to rest; and
The echo of its wrath is faintly heard
In the valley; or the last sigh of the
Æolian harp, when the breeze, that erewhile
Kissed its trembling strings, is spent and breathless!
The next whisper was still lower; and the last
Was so faint and feeble that nothing seemed
To live between it and silence itself.
The awful stillness was more appalling
Than its dread precursor; and I awoke
In terror! But I never shall forget
What I heard and saw in that horrid dream.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



HERE the Grampians rise in dread array,
An' their awful forms to the south display,
An' grimly frown, as they did of yore,
Owre the swampy plains of red Strathmore.

On the sunnie airt o' a dun hill side
Rears an ancient town, an' a town o' pride,
For gude drink fam'd,—where, tradition says,
A housekeeper winned in other days.

'Twas late on a Saturday afternoon,
In the waning o' a September moon,
When the e'ening dewes were ting'd wi' frost,
The hero o' our tale for a time was lost.

The crops were safe in the farmer's yard,
An' smugglers a' for the warst prepar'd;
The waukrife gaugers lounging about,
When this maist pitifu' case fell out.

They sought him up, an' they sought him down,
An' they sought him roun' about the town;
They sought him far, an' they sought him near,
But never a word o' him could hear:

Nae marvel they were fashed an' grieved,
For they thought him tint, or else mischieved;
Nae marvel ane an' a' were vext,
For they kentna where to seek him next.

O! had ye seen his radical spouse,
Wi' her angry een, an' her dusky brows;
It was a sight to hae speaned, through life,
The warmest youth frae the thochts o' a wife!

Her maidens saw that her grief was great,
An' humbly did in attendance wait;
An' ay they sigh'd, but naething did say,—
Yet they cuist in their minds where the loun might gae.

O! then she bade them up an' rin,
An' no come back till they brought him in;
An' ay the saut tear stood in her e'e,
An' the woman was grieved as a woman might be.

O! then the children forth she sent,
To ransack every houff they kent;

An' specially, wherever they past,
Nae to look the alehouses last.

An' hour an' something mair did glide
Sin' he was snug at his ain fireside,
An' twenty minutes were aff an' gane
Sin' his dear mate was makin' a mane.

Weil ye may guess that her heart was sair,
Weil ye may trow she had cause for care;
Blythe ye may learn that naebody leugh,
For the woman had cause to be grieved aneugh.

Lang, lang, they sought him, baith out an' in;
An' lang the bairns throu' the streets did rin,
Until they snuffed his retreat at last
In a cellar dark, but the door was fast.

There high on an anker he sat stride-ride,
Wi' a gill-stoup cronie safe at his side—
Mair-be-token wi' the gauger; a' the three
As warm an' as happy as carles might be.

There dimly they boozed by the glimmering light
Throu' the chinky wa's, but their joy was bright;
An' they quaffed awa' at the barley bree,
For the drink was guid, an' the drink was free.

The drink was free ; an' the matron's care
Was chiefly caused by the stranger pair,
Wha, while they got it sae, wadna fash
To trouble her wi' the needfu' cash.

She wrung her hands, an' she screwed her mou',
An' she wished them onie thing but fou ;
Na, na, the carlin had better sense
Than to wish them sae at her ain expense.

Some will lament, baith loud an lang,
An' make a din when little is wrang ;
But she had cause for sorrow an' thought—
The rogues were getting a dram for nought !





THE GERMAN LAIRDIE.



FIRST PRINTED IN THE "MONTROSE REVIEW."



TUNE—"Neil Gow's Fareweel to Whisky."



GEORDIE Geulp is on the sea,
The cliffs of Dover on his lee ;
For shame ! that Britian's King should be
A wee bit German lairdie O.

An' is it come to this, ohon !
That royal James maun flee his throne,
For sic a maughtless weary drone
As a puir bit German lairdie O.

Auld Neptune, this is what I crave—
Oh may he meet a wat'ry grave,
An' soundly sleep beneath the wave—
A droukit German lairdie O.

We swear that ne'er a foreign loun
Shall ever wear the British crown;
By Heaven! we'll put the sharger down—
The wee, wee German lairdie O.

Waesucks that sic a feckless thing
Should ever mint at being a king!
But Scotia soon will cow his wing,
An' pu' his German beardie O.

An' Scotland's sons will send him over
To his hungry hame, Hanover;
Again he'll never be a rover,
But delve in his kail-yardie O.

An' he'll sup kail and guid kail-brose,
He'll clite his shoon an' darn his hose,
An' lead a life of sweet repose—
The cantie German lairdie O.

Till death, wi' his wanchauncie dart,
Shall spit him through the hollow heart;
Wi' life itsel' he syne maun part,
To rot in some kirk-yardie O.



ON MR. KINLOCH OF KINLOCH

LEAVING HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.*



Y E poor auld man, why grieve sae sair,
Whase locks are waving barely ?
What means the sigh, the starting tear ?
What gars you weep sae sairly ?
Has cauld misfortune's with'ring hand
Hung o'er thy grey head sairly ?
Or hae you lost in foreign land
Your ain kind-hearted Charlie ?”

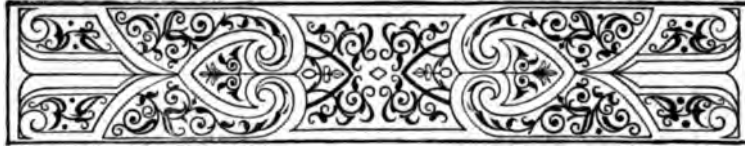
It's no misfortune's bitter blast
That blaws baith late and early ;
It's no my son—he's safe at last—
That gars me grieve sae sairly :
But it's for *honest Geordie* gane,
My heart for him is burning—
An exile frae his native hame,
He's barr'd frae a' returning.

* Written when certain political measures obliged this gentleman to leave the country till the storm was over.

Poor Scotia mourn'd when he took leave ;
She saw his tears come sairly,
She hung her head and sair did grieve—
She minded on Prince Charlie.
He wept not for his ain sad fate,
Tho' he was prest unfairly ;
He saw his country's bitter state—
'Twas that that wrung him sairly.

“ Adieu, my native hills, adieu ! ”
He said, in silent sorrow ;
“ The bonny sun I winna view
Rise o'er your tops to-morrow.”
A silent gloom the hills o'erhung,
The heather dowie waving,
The birds a lamentation sung,
As he “ farewell ” was raving.

“ My country bleeds—my country faints !
But nane, nane will relieve her ;
Those that should soften her complaints
Most cruelly deceive her.
Her sons, wha a' her waes regret,
They daurna try to save her ;
Her *day* is gane ! her *sun* is set !
And *freedom's* fled for ever ! ”



A FRAGMENT.



ET everything in the creation,

Igo and ago,

Be keepit in its proper station ;

Iram, coram, dago ;

Meaning man, or beast, or thing,

Igo and ago,

Priest or prophet, prince or King.

Iram, coram, dago.

Let politicians rave and rant,

Igo and ago,

And rich old misers roar for want ;

Iram, coram, dago.

Let lawyers keenly watch each handle ;

Igo and ago ;

Let tabbies deal out tea and scandal ;

Iram, coram, dago ;

Let blackguard gamesters cheat and quarrel ;

Igo and ago ;

Let drunkards bouse and drain the barrel ;

Iram, coram, dago ;

Let honest men declare the trouth ;

Igo and ago ;

Gi'e hempies in a halter scouth ;

Iram, coram, dago ;

Let kings sit mighty on their thrones,

Igo and ago,

While their bedesmen beg for scones ;

Iram, coram, dago ;

Let taylors keep upon dry land ;

Igo and ago,

Let rabbits burrow in the sand ;

Iram, coram, dago ;

Let navies float upon the tide,

Igo and ago,

And witches upon broomsticks ride ;

Iram, coram, dago ;

Let dolphins tumble i' the sea,

Igo and ago ;

And lampkins bleat upo' the lea ;

Iram, coram, dago ;

Let loathsome toads squat in a syre,

Igo and ago,

And salamanders live in fire ;

Iram, coram, dago ;

Let dandies put on proper airs ;

Igo and ago ;

And let the clergy mind their prayers—

Iram, coram, dago—

Leave aff their fawnin' and their fleechin',

Igo and ago,

And mind their Bibles and their preachin' !

Iram, coram, dago.





JAMIE WEST.*



AMONG your group of public men
Take Jamie West of Ferryden,
The king of a' the fisher crew—
A fisher and a pilot too :
Sometimes sober—often mellow ;
Still he was a pushing fellow ;
Industrious as the busy bee,
He drew his riches from the sea :
For mony vessel from afar
He, skaithless, brought across the Bar,
When waves were rolling mountains high,
And tempests howling in the sky :
And moored them safely at the quay,
Where they lay snug as ships could be.
And mony *Mary*, *Jean*, and *Janet*,

* This Poem is the last which Mr. B. contributed to the *Review*, and was written during the snow-storm of 1823.

He steered between the Leads, and Annet,
Down the river to the ocean,
With pleasant breeze and gentle motion ;
And then the breeze that he liked best
Was his namesake breeze, from the lovely west ;
For it filled their sails, and made them glide
Upon the bosom of the tide,
Some south, some north, some o'er the sea,
Like fillies frisking on the lea.
Nor did he search with less devotion
The dark recesses of the ocean,—
With hook and line and tempting bait,
Alluring to their awful fate
Cod, ling, and turbot, plaice and skate ;
Which straight were carried to Monross,
And whilom vended at the Cross,
But now they've found a mart more meet
Than just the centre of the street.

Still Jamie West increased his store,
For he had goods and gear galore :
Besides a leal and loving wife,
The pride and comfort of his life ;
With health and walth of buirdly weans,
Baith strapping lads and sturdy queans !
And, still as fortune on him smiled,
A house was reared for every child ;

A clock in each to watch old time,
And cheer the inmates with its chime.

Still Jamie ran his busy race,
In health, in happiness, and peace,
Till drink—the curse of human life,
The source of sorrow and of strive—
At times, its wicked pranks began
To work upon his inner man !
For oft he moistified his skin
In jolly Ruixton's little inn,
And other houffs—I need not tell—
The very counterparts of hell :
And then he dealt abuse and blows
Promiscuously 'mang friends and foes.
His vengeance knew no bounds or rule ;
No man was spared—not e'en Slag Coul !
Poor ill-less creature ! 'twas a sin
To het him for the constant grin
That mantled aye upon his face :
There was no laughing in the case,
Tho' Jamie thought—('twas all mistake)
Poor Slag was smiling at his neck :
And woe betide them, man or brat,
That dared to say “ Your thrapple's fat.”
Then words would pass we dare not name—
Dark epithets of sin and shame,

And vengeful threats and foul reproach,
In neither English, Erse, nor Scotch,
But in some strange outlandish speech,
Transposing evermore the "h";
For sooth these people deem it better
To throw aside this useless letter,
Except in that especial case
Where others never give it place.
But here the mischief is not ended;
Assaulted fame must be defended;
And reparation made for blows,
Discoloured eyes and bloody nose,
With other wrongs; likewise the payment
Of broken glass and riven raiment;
And eke the worst of all disasters,
The doctors' fees and doctors' plasters.
But, last ava, and warst ava,
The gudgeons too maun gae tae law;
And steps are ta'en, by Lawyer Pillage,
To ruin and herry half the village.



FAREWELL SONNET.*



FAREWELL, maid, thy love has vanish'd—

Gone off like the morning dew ;

Farewell, maid, my peace is banish'd—

Adieu ! a sad, a long adieu !

Weary world, I now must leave thee ;

Sun and moon, a long farewell ;

Farewell, maid, no more I'll grieve thee,

Soon you'll hear my funeral knell.

Soon the lips that oft have kiss'd thee,

Mouldering in the dust will lie ;

And the heart that oft hath blessed thee,

Soon must cease to heave a sigh.

Soon the tongue that still rehearses

All thy beauty, fickle fair—

Soon the hand that writes these verses

Shall to kindred dust repair.

* The above Farewell Poem was written by the Author a short time before his death, in anticipation of that event.

Friends that constant were, and true aye,
Fare-you-well, my race is run ;
Heartless, lorn, benighted, weary,
Every earthly hope is gone.

Gloomy grave, you'll soon receive me,
All my sorrows here shall close ;
Here no fickle fair shall grieve me ;
Here my heart shall find repose.



